

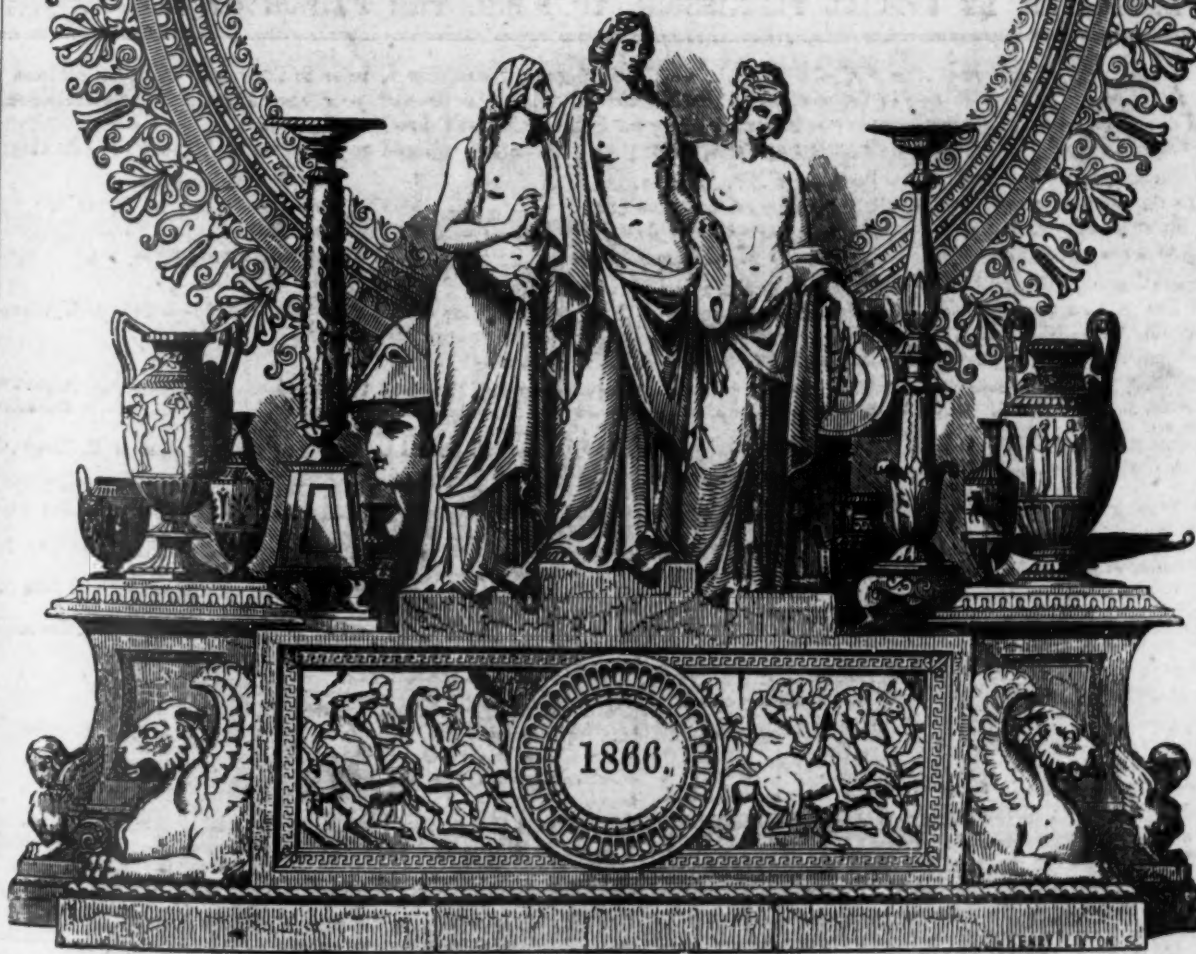
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NOVEMBER.

THE
ART-JOURNAL.



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THE ART-JOURNAL

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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	PAGE		PAGE
1. HISTORIC DEVICES AND BADGES. PART VI. BY MRS. BURY PALLISER. <i>Illustrated</i>	325	13. METROPOLITAN AND PROVINCIAL WORKING-CLASSES' EXHIBITION	344
2. PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION	329	14. ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES	344
3. ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES	330	15. HAY-TIME. THE PICTURE BY D. COX	344
4. THE BREAKFAST-TABLE. THE PICTURE BY T. WEBSTER, R.A.	330	16. MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:—MARIA EDGEWORTH, BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL. <i>Illustrated</i>	345
5. DAVID RAMSAY HAY. BY W. WALLACE FYFE	331	17. HOW OUR PENCILS ARE MADE IN CUMBERLAND. BY E. FITZGERALD SMITHWICK	349
6. OBITUARY:—H. C. SHENTON—H. TELBIN	332	18. CORRESPONDENCE:—A VOICE FROM THE PROVINCES—ENGRAVING & PHOTOGRAPHY	351
7. OUR PUBLIC STATUES	332	19. WEARY TRAVELLERS. THE PICTURE BY REMBRANDT	352
8. MODERN PAINTERS OF BELGIUM. NO. X. E. VERBOECKHOVEN, C. TSCHAGGENY, L. VAN KUYCK. BY JAMES DAFFORNE. <i>Illustrated</i>	333	20. "WRIGHT OF DERBY." BY LLEWELLYN JEWITT, F.S.A.	352
9. SIGNBOARDS. <i>Illustrated</i>	336	21. MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH	353
10. VISITS TO THE PARADISE OF ARTISTS. PART IX. BY W. P. BAYLEY	337	22. REVIEWS	355
11. AN EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL. <i>Illustrated</i>	342		
12. MEDIEVAL ILLUMINATIONS. <i>Illustrated</i>	342		

DEDICATED, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION, TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Editor and the Proprietor of the ART-JOURNAL, with some degree of confidence, refer to their past efforts as evidence that they may be relied on for future exertions in the conduct of this Journal. During the present year they are enabled to calculate on the aid of several new contributors, and on the power to introduce many novelties in Art and Art-Manufacture.

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It contains intelligence concerning every topic connected with Art that can inform and interest the Artist, the Amateur, the Student, the Manufacturer, and the Artisan, and conveys to the general public such information as may excite interest in Art, in all its manifold ramifications; the duty of its Conductors being to communicate knowledge concerning every topic on which it is valuable—to produce not only a beautiful work for the Drawing-room, but one that shall be equally an accession to the Studio and the Workshop.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, NOVEMBER 1, 1886.

HISTORIC DEVICES AND BADGES.

BY MRS. BURY PALLISER.

PART VI.

SPAIN.



ISENANDA, King of the Goths, 631, having destroyed his numerous enemies, and overcome the obstacles to the Gothic throne, took as device an elephant covered with flies, which

it destroys, according to Pliny, by suddenly contracting the wrinkles of its skin. "Covered their skin is neither with hair nor bristle, no, not so much as in their tails, which might serve them in good stead to drive away the busie and troublesome flie (for as vast and huge a beast as he is, the flie haunteth and stingeth him); but full their skin is of crosse wrinkles lattisewise; and besides that, the smell thereof is able to draw and allure such vennine to it, and therefore when they are laid stretched along, and perceive the flies by whole swarms settled on their skin, sodainly they draw those cranies and crevices together close, and so crush them all to death. This serves them instead of taile, maine, and long haire."—Book viii. chap. 10. Motto, *Al mejor que puedo*, "In the best way I can."

THERESA, daughter of Alphonso V., King of Leon and the Asturias, 999, when married by her father to Abdallah, the Saracen king of Toledo, whose assistance he sought against the Moorish king of Cordova, took for device a mortar in which gunpowder is being pounded, with the motto, *Minima maxima fecit*, "A little makes much;" meaning that as a small spark would ignite the whole, so wrath should be extinguished as soon as kindled, and that wrath often causes the destruction of the author.

Others attribute this device to Garcias, 910, son of Alphonso III., or Great, and that he bore it on his standard in war against the Moors, 876, whom he so successfully defeated as to build with the spoils of his victory the church of San Salvador, in which he lies interred.

PETER II., King of Aragon, 1196. An eagle. *Sub umbra alarum tuarum*, "Under the shadow of thy wings."

JAMES I., King of Aragon, 1213, the Conqueror. A knight overthrowing another. *Dubia fortuna*, "Doubtful fortune."

PETER III., King of Aragon and Sicily, 1270, the Great. The contriver of the horrible massacre known as the Sicilian Vespers in 1282, originating in the plot of Procida, and ending in the expulsion of the French and the separation of Sicily from Naples.

Peter, who was married to Constance, daughter of the usurper Manfred, was crowned king of Sicily.

A caltrop; French, *chaussertrappe*; a ball of iron, with spikes so placed that when thrown upon the ground one spike is always erect. It was used to maim horses.

"I think they ha' strewed the highways with caltropes,
No horse dares pass them."
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Love's Pilgrimage*.

Peter's motto was *Quocunque ferar*, "Wherever I may be cast."

MARTIN I., 1396, King of Aragon. Victory seated upon a globe (Fig. 1). *Non in tenebris*, "Not in darkness."



Fig. 1.

JOHN, King of Aragon, 1458. A salamander in the fire. *Durabo*, "I will endure."

FERDINAND I., the Great, 1035. By right of his wife Sancha king of Leon, and by that of his mother Elvira, of Castile. When deceived by a nobleman of Grenada, he took the device of the pomegranate,* with the motto, *Flos mentis*, alluding to his native town and to his disloyal perfidy.

FERDINAND III., the Saint, King of Castile, 1230. A helm and globe. *Te gubernatore*, "Thou, the pilot."

ALFONSO X., the Wise, King of Castile, 1252. A pelican in its piety (Fig. 2).



Fig. 2.

Motto, *Pro lege* (not *rege*, as engraved in the cut) *et grege*, "For the law and the people."

The poets loved to celebrate the maternal love of the pelican:—

"The loving pelican,
Whose young ones poison'd by the serpent's sting,
With her own blood to life again doth bring."
DRAYTON, *Noah's Flood*.

Again,

"The Pelicane, whose sons are nurst with blood,
she stablith deep her breast,
Self murtherease through fondnesse to hir broode."
Birds forbidden, printed in *Bibliotheca Biblica*, black letter.

And when the king, in *Hamlet*, reproaches

* When Granada was captured, 1492, the pomegranate was added to the shield.



Laertes for venting his revenge at his father's death alike on friends and foes, Laertes says,—

"To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And, like the kind, life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood."
Hamlet, Act iv. sc. 5.

PETER I., the Cruel, King of Castile, 1350—1368. A hand armed with a lance. *Hoc opus est*, "This is the labour."

Deposed by his subjects for his cruelty, Peter was reinstated by Edward the Black Prince, but was afterwards slain by Henry de Transtamare, who succeeded him.

HENRY II., De Transtamare, 1368. Two anchors crossed with the pole star. *Buena guia*, "A sure guide."

JOHN I., King of Castile, 1377. An arm with a falcon on the wrist. *Maiora cedunt*, "The greater yield."

HENRY III., King of Castile, 1390. The oak. *Semper eadem*, "Always the same."

"He is the rock, the oak not to be windshaken."
Coriolanus, v. 2.

A pyramidal tower. *Nisi domino frustra*, "In vain but by the Lord's help."

FERDINAND THE CATHOLIC, 1572, King of Aragon, who, by his marriage with Isabella of Castile and his conquest of Granada and Navarre, united the kingdoms of the Peninsula, and became king of all Spain.

Being much devoted to St. John the Evangelist, Ferdinand and Isabella adopted his eagle, sable, with one head, as the supporter of their common shield. They each had their separate device. Isabella took a bundle of arrows, *Flechas*, and the letter F, initial of her husband's name. Ferdinand a yoke, *Yugo*, and the letter Y, initial of his wife Isabella, and of the despotic machine which he fixed alike on Moor and Spaniard. Also the Gordian knot (Fig. 3).



Fig. 3.

with the motto, *Tanto monta*, rendered by Mr. Ford as "Tantamount," to mark his assumed equality with his Castilian queen, which the Castilians never admitted. Other writers refer the motto to a dispute with regard to the succession of Castile, which finding no means of obtaining justice except by the sword, led Ferdinand to adopt the device of the Gordian knot, the motto implying that it was easier to solve the difficulty by cutting than untying it.

The same device was taken by Jacques d'Albon, Maréchal d'André, who formed with the Duc de Guise and the Constable Montmorency, the famous triumvirate which was to extinguish liberty in France. His motto was *Nodus virtute resolvit*, "I loose the knot by strength."

So, when extolling the virtues of the

young King Henry V., the archbishop says—

"Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose
Familiar as his garter."
King Henry V., Act I., sc. 1.

And Iachimo, when he takes off the bracelet of Imogen, finds it

"As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard."
Cymbeline, Act II., sc. 4.

JOAN OF CASTILE (Jean la Folle), daughter of Isabella and Ferdinand, succeeded, on her mother's death, 1504, to the throne of Castile, jointly with her husband, Philip the Fair of Austria. Philip dying, 1506, and Joan becoming insane with grief at his loss, her father, Ferdinand, continued to reign, and thus perpetuated the union of Castile with Aragon.

The device of Joan was a peacock, in his pride, upon the terrestrial globe (Fig. 4). Motto, *Vanitas*, "Vanity."

That of Philip, her husband, a knight on horseback, armed at all points, with a lance



Fig. 4.

in his hand, riding before the lists. Motto, *Qui vult*, or *Quis vult*, "Who will."

CHARLES I., son of Jean le Folle and Philip le Bel, 1516, afterwards, 1519, Emperor of Germany as Charles V. When Charles became emperor, the apostolic one-headed eagle of his grandfather gave place to the double-headed eagle of the Germanic empire, described by the Florentine poet Alamanni as

"L'aquila grifagna
Chè per più divorar due becchi porta."

"The rapacious eagle, which the more to devour bears
two beaks."

When Alamanni, who had been banished from his native city for being concerned in a conspiracy to assassinate Pope Leo X., and had withdrawn to France, was sent on an embassy from Francis I. to invest Charles V. with the order of St. Michael, in his oration before the emperor he had frequent occasion to name the imperial eagle, upon which Charles, having attentively listened till the close of the speech, turned suddenly towards the orator, and with sarcastic emphasis repeated the above lines, "L'aquila grifagna," &c. Alamanni promptly replied, "When I wrote those lines I wrote as a poet, to whom it is allowed to feign; but now I come as the ambassador of one great sovereign towards another. They were the productions of my youth, but now I speak with the gravity of age; they were provoked by my having been banished from my native place, but now I appear before your Majesty divested of all rancour and passion." Charles, rising from his seat and laying his hand on the shoulder of the

* The same device, with the motto *Qui cupit*, is assigned to Sancho IV., king of Castile.

ambassador, told him with great kindness that he had no cause to regret the loss of his country since he had found such a patron as Francis I., adding, that to a virtuous man every place is his country.

Conscious of the elements of greatness within him, Charles V. took for the motto of his maiden shield, when but eighteen years old, at a tournament at Falladolia, *Non dum*, "Not yet;" meaning that he would bide his time.* Typotius gives him the device of the sun ascending the meridian (Fig. 5), with the motto, *Non dum in auge*, "Not yet in its zenith;" expressing



Fig. 5.

the character of a person whose ambition is not satisfied, but who aspires to higher things.

Charles afterwards assumed his proud device of the pillars of Hercules† (Fig. 6), with the motto, *Plus outre*, "More beyond," a Burgundian or French motto, altered by Italians to *Più oltre*, or *Plus ultra*. These words refer to the acquisition of a world unknown to the ancients, or

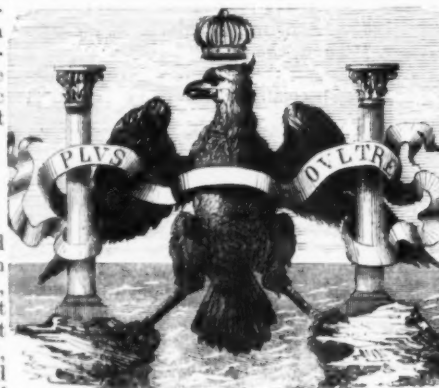


Fig. 6.

perhaps not only to the actual passing of the boundaries prescribed by Hercules, but to show that he would surpass the fabled hero, in fame, valour, and glory.

* Prescott's "Life of Philip II.," vol. I., p. 278.

† Calpe and Abile. Hercules, when seeking the oxen of Geryon, separated this mountain, and having gathered the golden apples of Allantia, he left these two rocks as termini, or signs to navigators not to pass beyond.

"Il segno che prescritto
Avea già a' naviganti Ercole invito,"
Orlando Furioso, C. vi., st. 14.

"That region where
Unconquer'd Hercules, in ages past,
His boundary to mariners had plac'd,"
HOOLE'S Translation.

"La meta che pose
Ai primi naviganti Ercole invito,"
Orlando Furioso, C. xxxiii.

"And now the bounds he trac'd
Which once for mariners Alcides plac'd,"
HOOLE'S Translation.

These pillars of Hercules are constantly mentioned—

"Altri lasciar le destre e le mancine
Rive, che due per opra erculee fersi,"
Orlando Furioso, C. xv.

"Some pass the pillars rais'd on either strand
The well-known labour of Alcides hand,"
HOOLE'S Translation.

And thus Tasso—

"Tempo verrà, che sian d'Ercole i segni
Favola vile ai naviganti industri,"
Ger. Lib., C. vi., st. 220.

"The time will come when sailors yet unborn
Shall name Alcides' narrow bounds in scorn."

"Hercules Pillars" was a sign in Fleet Street, probably after the visit of the Emperor Charles V. to this country.*

When Charles V. besieged Metz in 1552, François Duke de Guise, its youthful and chivalrous defender, happily alludes, in his address to his army, to the proud boast of the emperor. He says, "Apprenez à toute l'Europe qu'il n'a pas été impossible à un petit nombre de Français d'arrêter un empereur qui les assegeoit avec trois armées, et qui se voutait de n'avoir per estre arresté par les columes d'Hercule."

It was on being compelled to raise the siege of Metz—

"Où le destin avait son outre limité,
Contre les nouveaux murs d'une faible cité,"
ROUSARD.

that Charles V. exclaimed, "I see that fortune resembles a woman, she prefers a young king to an old emperor."

On this occasion the device was made of an eagle attached to the column of Hercules, with the motto, *Non ultra metas*, "Not beyond the boundaries;" but there is an equivocal in the word *metas*, which signifies the city of Metz as well as boundaries. François de Guise having obliged him to retire, chained the imperial eagle to the columns, with the motto, "Thou shalt not go beyond Metz."†

When Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange, had been successful over the Spaniards, a medal was struck, in 1631, on the reverse of which were the columns of Hercules, the one falling, the other borne up by the line of Holland above. Motto, *Concussit utramque*, "He has shaken both."‡

After his victory over Francis I., Charles had the device of a *fleur-de-lis* withered by blasts from winds blowing from the south. Motto, *Perflantibus Austris*, "The south winds blowing;" making allusion to the house of Austria, and to a passage in one of the Fathers, which says that the lily fades when the south wind blows.

Charles also took the device of the stag, which, when he sheds his horns, lies in the sun that they may be hardened by its rays. Motto, *Tu perficis*, "Thou makest perfect;" meaning that no glory is perfect unless derived from the Almighty, the author and giver of all good gifts.

"So long as they be destitute of their horns, and perceive their heads naked, they goe forth to releife by night; and as they grow bigger and bigger they harden them in the hot sunne, eftsoons making proof of them against trees; and when they perceive that they be tough and strong enough, they goe abroad boldly."—PLINY, book viii., chap. 32.

PHILIP II., 1556. When yet Infant of

* Pepys mentions taking a friend "to Hercules Pillars" to drink; and again, "with Mr. Creed to Hercules Pillars" where we drank." On a token is a crowned male figure, erect, and grasping a pillar in each hand, which, but for the inscription, might be supposed to represent Sampson pulling down the pillars of the Temple of Dagon.

† No. 3455. A silver-gilt diamond shaped ornament, with portrait of Charles V., of Germany, with *Plus ultra* device behind. 1547.—*Bernal Catalogue*.

‡ Fuisin de la Colombie.

† Bizot—*Hist. Métallique de la Hollande*. 1688.

Spain, he took the chariot of the rising sun, Apollo holding the reins (Fig. 7), with the motto, *Jam illustrabit omnia*, "Soon it will light all."*



Fig. 7.

After the abdication of his father, Philip took Hercules relieving Atlas† from the weight of the globe (Fig. 8). Motto, *Ut quiescat Atlas*, "That Atlas may repose."

"Si come già depose, e vecchio e stanco
Sopra gli omeri d'Ercole possenti
Atlante il giro de le stelle ardenti,
Che sotto il peso eterno venia maneco,
Così," &c.—SILVIO ANTONIANO.

When Philip married Mary of England, he took Bellerophon fighting with the monster, with the motto, *Hinc vigilo*, "Hence watchfulness," to imply that he awaited

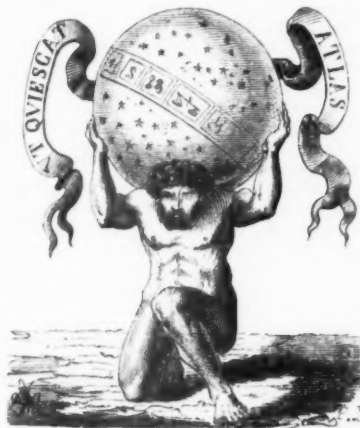


Fig. 8.

the favourable moment for attacking the monster heresy in England.

The terrestrial globe, of which half is in darkness. *Reliquum datur*, "The rest is given."

Two batons in saltire. Motto, *Dominus mihi adjutor*, "God is my helper."

Two sceptres passed in saltire through a crown over an open pomegranate (Fig. 9). Motto, *Tot Zopyros*, "As many of Zopyros," originating in the following incident. One day Philip being asked of what he would like as large a number as the seeds of a pomegranate, answered he would like as many of Zopyros, that is, as many faithful friends, alluding to the well-known self-devotion of Zopyros, who, by cutting off his nose and ears, wounding himself, and

A horse leaping the barriers of a circus, with the motto from Juvenal, *Unus non sufficit orbis*, "One world is not enough," alluding to his empire in the New World.

pretending to be a fugitive, placed Babylon in the power of his sovereign Darius.

Philip also took the device of the world, with the motto, *Cum Jove*, "With Jove," from Virgil.

"Deviso et mondo con Giove Cesare have."
Æneid, ANNIBAL CARA'S Translation.

ELISABETH, or (as the Spaniards styled her) ISABELLA OF FALOIS, second wife of Philip II. As her marriage formed one of the articles of the peace of Cambray, she was called by the Spaniards Isabel de la



Fig. 9.

Paz, La Reyna de la Paz y de la bondad, and by the French L'Olive de la paix.*

As Philip took the rising sun, his queen took for device a serene sky studded with stars, on one side the sun, on the other the moon. Motto, *Iam feliciter omnia*, "Now all is well."

This device of Queen Isabella, with the crescent of Henry II. of France, and the rainbow of Catherine de Medicis, all point to the tranquillity of the Christian universe at the period in which they all lived.

ANNE OF AUSTRIA, third wife of Philip II. Two doves on a tree, in a ring. *Æterno conjugi*, "In eternal union."

HOUSE OF ORANGE.

WILLIAM OF NASSAU, Prince of Orange. Elected Stadtholder, 1579, fell, 1584, by the hand of the assassin, Balthazar Gerard. One of the noblest characters in modern

* Brantôme.

history; to him the republic of the Seven United Provinces owes its foundation.

After the taking of Brill, and William's subsequent successes, he caused a medal to be struck, 1572, bearing on the reverse a poplar tree, with the words of Turnus from the *Æneid*, *Audaces fortuna juvat*, "Fortune favours the brave." The poplar being a tree that lives best in marshes, was especially appropriate as the emblem of Holland.

Another of William's mottoes was, *Usque quo fortuna*, "Thus far fortune."

He also bore on some of his standards the pelican, on others the motto, *Pro lege, grege, et rege*, "For the law, the people, and the king." As says the poet Burns,—

"For while we sing, 'God save the king,'
We'll ne'er forget the people."

The same motto was used by William's son and successor, Maurice of Nassau, the defender of his country at

"Ostend's bloody siege, that stage of war,
Wherein the flower of many nations acted,
And the whole Christian world spectators were"
(BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Love's Cure*),

but to whom posterity can never pardon the execution of the aged Barneveldt, or the persecution of the followers of Arminius.

William's customary device was a kingfisher building its nest upon the sea (Fig. 10). Motto, *Sævis tranquillus in undis*,



Fig. 10.

"Tranquil in boisterous waves," meaning that he remained as serene and unruffled amidst the political storms that surrounded him as the fabled halcyon on the waters of the ocean.

The kingfisher, say the naturalists, waits for those days in the winter solstice, called the summer of St. Martin,* during which period the scene is perfectly calm, to build her nest.

Dryden thus translates Ovid's description of Alcyone—

"Seven days sits brooding on her floating nest;
A wintry queen; her sire at length is kind,
Calms every storm, and hushes every wind;
Prepares his empire for his daughter's ease,
And for his hatching nephews stills the seas."
DRYDEN.

And again Drayton,

"The halcyon, whom the sea obeys,
When she her nest upon the water lays."
DRAYTON, *Noah's Flood*.

Pliny thus describes the habits of the kingfisher. "They lay and set about midwinter, when daies be shortest, and the time whiles they are broodie is called the Halcyon daies; for during that season, the sea is calm and navigable, especially in the coast of Sicilie. In other ports also the sea is not so boisterous, but more quiet than at other times: but surely the Sicilian

* The Maid of Orleans says to the Dauphin of France, when foretelling her successes—

"Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars."
King Henry VI., 1st Part, Act I., sc. 2.

That is, expect prosperity after misfortune, fair weather after winter has begun.

* Bronze medal of Philip II. Obverse, bust to the right. Reverse, the chariot of the sun. Diameter 2½ in. (6759.)
—Catalogue Museum South Kensington.

† "Quel vecchio stanco,
Che con le sue spalle ombra a marocco."
PETRARCA.

sea is very gentle, both in the straights and also in the open ocean. Now about seven daies before midwinter, that is to say, in the beginning of December, they build; and within as many after, they have hatched. Their nests are wonderously made, in fashion of a round ball, the mouth or entrie thereof standeth somewhat out, and is very narrow, much like great sponges."—Pliny, book x. chap. 32.

When the kingfisher is engaged in hatching her young, the sea is believed to remain so calm that the sailor ventures his bark upon the main with the happy certainty of not being exposed to a storm.

"As calm as the flood
When the peace loving halcyon deposits her brood."
COWPER.

"Halcyons of all the birds that haunt the main,
Most loved and honour'd by the Nereid train."
THEOCRITUS, Idyl vii., FAWKES'S Trans.

The brothers Sinibaldo and Ottoboni Fieschi, of Genoa, used the device of two kingfishers sitting on their nest, with the motto, *Nous savons bien le temps*, when they were waiting a favourable opportunity for joining the party of the Emperor against the French.

THE GUEUX.

To this period belongs the celebrated confederacy of the Gueux, who assumed the well-known device of the beggar's wallet. We cannot better relate its origin than in the words of the elegant author of the life of Philip II.

"At one of the banquets given at Cutemborg House, when three hundred confederates were present, Brederode presided. During the repast he related to some of the company, who had arrived on the day after the petition was delivered, the manner in which it had been received by the duchess. She seemed at first disconcerted, he said, by the number of the confederates, but was reassured by parliament, who told her 'they were nothing but a crowd of beggars.' This greatly incensed some of the company, with whom, probably, it was too true for a jest. But Brederode, taking it more good humouredly, said that he and his friends had no objection to the name, since they were ready at any time to become beggars for the service of their king and country. This sally was received with great applause by the guests, who, as they drank to one another, shouted forth, *Vivent les Gueux*, 'Long live the beggars.'"

"Brederode, finding the jest took so well, an event, indeed, for which he seems to have been prepared, left the room, and soon returned with a beggar's wallet and a wooden bowl, such as was used by the mendicant fraternity in the Netherlands. Then pledging the company in a bumper he swore to devote his life and fortune to the cause. The wallet and bowl went round the table; and, as each of the merry guests drank in turn to his confederate, the shout arose of *Vivent les Gueux*, until the hall rang with the mirth of the revellers.

"It happened that at the time the Prince of Orange and the Counts Egmont and Horn were passing by on their way to the council. Their attention was attracted by the noise, and they paused a moment, when William, who knew the temper of the jovial party, proposed they should go in, and endeavour to break up their revels. 'We may have some business of the council to transact with these men this evening,' he said, 'and at this rate, they will hardly be in a condition fit for it.' The appearance of the three nobles gave a fresh impulse to the boisterous movements of the company, and as the new comers pledged their friends in the wine cup, it was received with the same thundering acclamations of *Vivent les Gueux*. This incident, of so little importance in itself, was afterwards made of consequence by the turn that was given to it in the prosecution of

the two unfortunate noblemen who accompanied the Prince of Orange.

"It (name of Gueux) soon was understood to signify those who were opposed to the government, and, in an under sense, to the Roman Catholic religion. In every language in which the history of these acts has been recorded, the Latin, German, Spanish, or English, the French term Gueux is ever employed to designate this party of malcontents in the Netherlands.

"It now became common to follow out the original idea by imitations of the different articles used by mendicants. Staffs were procured, after the fashion of those in the hands of the pilgrims, but more elaborately carved; wooden bowls, spoons, and knives became in great request, though richly inlaid with silver, according to the fancy or wealth of the possessor.

"Medals, resembling those struck by the beggars in their bonnets, were worn as a badge; * and the Gueux penny, as it was called—a gold or silver coin—was hung from the neck, bearing on one side the effigy of Philip, with the inscription, *Fideles au roi*, and on the other two hands grasping a beggar's wallet (Fig. 11),



Fig. 11.

with this for the legend, *Jusques à porter la besace*, 'Faithful to the king, even to carrying the wallet.' Even the garments of the mendicants were affected by the confederates, who used them as a substitute for their family liveries; and troops of their retainers, clad in the ash-grey habiliments of the begging friars, might be seen in the streets of Brussels and the other cities of the Netherlands." †

GRANVELD ANTONIE PERENOTS, CARDINAL DE, ‡ 1586. "Endure," § a ship beaten by the waves (Fig. 12). Motto, *Durate*, from



Fig. 12.

the *Æneid*, when *Æneas*, in the act of being shipwrecked, through the instrumentality of his enemy, Juno, addresses a consolatory speech to his companions,

* No. 3451. "A small oval badge, silver gilt, with portrait of Philip II., of Spain, and the legend, *En tout fideles au Roy*; and on the reverse, two united hands, and two beggar's wallets, with the legend, *Jusques à porter la Besace*."—*Bernal Catalogue*.

† Prescott's "Philip II.," vol. ii., 14.
‡ The skilful minister of Charles V., and Philip II., associated with Margaret of Parma in the government of the Low Countries, until superseded by the Duke of Alou, a Burgundian by birth. He was of the family of Plautin, the celebrated printer of Antwerp, a patron of letters and a collector of paintings, books, and MSS.

§ "Endure and conquer, Jove will soon dispose
To future good our past and present woes."
DRYDEN'S *Virgil*.

which concludes, *Durate et vosmet rebus servate secundis*.

"Endure the hardships of the present state:
Live and reserve yourselves for better fate."
DRYDEN'S *Virgil*.

Hold out and preserve yourselves for more prosperous circumstances. The hope of better times is the strongest argument that can be used to inspirit the drooping resolution.

We introduce into this chapter an anecdote of this celebrated minister, suggested by the story told in Plutarch of Sciluro calling his eighty sons on his death-bed, and giving them a bundle of arrows to break, which is identical with *Æsop's* fable of the old man and the bunch of sticks.

"It was at this time that, at a banquet at which many of the Flemish nobles were present, the talk fell on the expensive habits of the aristocracy, especially as shown in the number and dress of their domestics. It was the custom of many to wear showy and costly liveries, intimating by the colours the family to which they belonged. Granvelle had set an example of this kind of ostentation. It was proposed to regulate their apparel by a more modest and uniform standard. The lot fell on Egmont to devise some suitable livery, of the simple kind used by the Germans. He proposed a dark grey habit, which, instead of the aiguillettes commonly suspended from the shoulders, should have flat pieces of cloth, embroidered with the figure of a head and a fool's cap. The head was made marvellously like the cardinal, and the cap, being red, was thought to bear much resemblance to a cardinal's hat. This was enough. The dress was received with acclamation. The nobles instantly clad their retainers in the new livery, which had the advantage of greater economy. It became the badge of party. The tailors of Brussels could not find time to supply their customers. Instead of being confined to Granvelle, the heads occasionally bore the features of Arschot, Aremborg, or Viglius, the cardinal's friends. The duchess at first laughed at the jest, and even sent some specimens of the embroidery to Philip. But Granvelle looked more gravely on the matter, declared it an insult to the government, and the king interfered to have the device given up. This was not easy, from the extent to which it had been adopted. But Margaret at length succeeded in persuading the lords to take another, not personal in its nature. The substitute was a sheaf of arrows. Even this was found to have an offensive application, as it intimated the league of the nobles. It was the origin, it is said, of the device afterwards assumed by the Seven United Provinces."

MOWBRAY. — THOMAS DE MOWBRAY, first Duke of Norfolk, the fated rival of Henry of Lancaster, is described at the combat at Coventry as entering the lists, his horse barded with crimson velvet, richly embroidered with lions of silver and mulberry trees, the rebus of Mowbray, his surname. * The blanch lion appears on the helmet, placed over his tomb at St. Mark's, Venice.

NEVILL: BARONS NEVILL OF RABY, EARLS OF WESTMORELAND.—The dun bull and the silver saltire (Fig. 13) were the

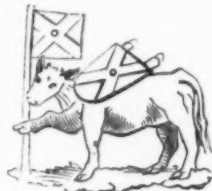


Fig. 13.

badges of the great family of Nevill, which with the Percys divided the supremacy of the north.

* Sandford.

ROBERT NEVILL, one of the barons of Henry III., is described:—

"Upon his surcoat valiant Neville bore
A silver saltire upon martial red."
DRAYTON, *Baron's War*.

RALPH, the great and first Earl of Westmoreland, elevated to the earldom by King Richard II., is buried with his two wives at Staindrop Church, Durham, and under his head is a helmet bearing a bull's head, and on his surcoat is the saltire.

CHARLES, sixth Earl, joined the Earl of Northumberland in the great insurrection, 1369, called "the Rising of the North," brought about by a negotiation between some of the Scottish and English nobility to effect a marriage between Mary Queen of Scots, then a prisoner in England, and the Duke of Norfolk. The affair coming to Queen Elizabeth's knowledge, Northumberland was executed at York. Westmoreland escaped to Scotland, and subsequently to the Netherlands, where he lived to an advanced age "meanly and miserably," and his immense possessions in York and Durham became forfeited to the crown.

The Westmoreland banner is often described in ballads relative to this insurrection:—

"Lord Westmoreland his ancient raysde,
The dun bull, he rays'd on hye,
And three dogs,* with golden collars,
Were there set out most royallye."
Rising of the North Country.

And again:—

"Now spread thy ancient, Westmorland,
The dun bull faine would we spy;
And thou, th' Erie of Northumberland,
Now rayse thy half moone up on hye.
"But the dun bull is fied and gone,
And the halfe moone vanished away:
The Eries, though they were brave and bold,
Against soe many could not stay."
The Rising of the North.

Bishop Percy quotes another ballad:—

"Sette me up my faire Dun Bull
With the Golden Hornes, hee beares soe hye."

The epithet of this family is "The noble Nevills." On a ceiling at Brancepeth, the stronghold of the Nevills in time of war, as Raby was their festive hall in time of peace, is the motto *Moy's, or Men's Droyte*, and *Ou je tiens ferme*, the ancient motto, replaced in later times by the punning *Ne vile velis*, "Incline to nothing base," "Form no mean wish," which was altered by the Fanes to *Ne vile fano*, "Bring nothing base to the temple."

NEVILL: LORD BERGAVENTNY (now Abergavenny).—Two staples interlaced, the one

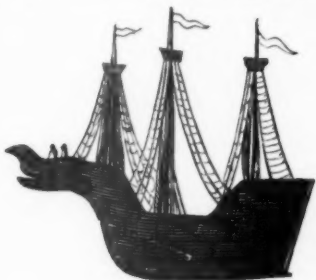


Fig. 14.

gold, the other silver. Also a fret gold, derived from the Le Despencers.

On an old monument in Mereworth, Kent, is the Abergavenny shield with quarterings, having on one side the badge of the staple, on the other the fret.

The standard of Sir George Neville, Lord Bergavenny, the companion in arms of Henry VIII. in his French wars, is *semée* of double staples, with the motto, *Tenir promesse vient de noblesse*.

* Greyhounds.

Lord Abergavenny bears at the end of the chain of the bulls which support his arms, two gold staples. He also has on the right of his escutcheon a red rose, placed there by Richard Nevill, Earl of Warwick, the King Maker, in token of his adherence to the house of Lancaster. On the left side Lord Abergavenny has a golden portcullis badge, to show his descent from the house of Beaufort.

Two other badges belong to the Nevills, a sable galley (Fig. 14), with sails furled, in allusion to their Norman ancestor who held the office of Admiral, from whom probably they also derive the buoy (Fig. 15).



Fig. 15.

OGLE. A slip of oak with golden acorns (Fig. 16). The upper half of a rose-argent, rayonnated below (Fig. 17).



Fig. 16.

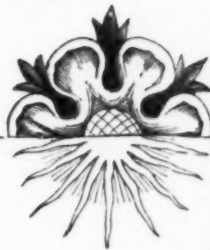


Fig. 17.

These badges are now used by the Duke of Portland, eldest co-heir of the barony of Ogle. They were painted on the hatchment of the late Duke.

PARR. Baron Parr of Rendal.

A maiden's head was the badge of Sir William Parr, K.G., one of the strong adherents of King Edward IV. The same, issuing from a red and white rose, has the badge of his grand-daughter, Queen Catherine Parr.

A tuft of daisies (Fig. 18), derived by marriage from Ross of Kendal.



Fig. 18.

PECHE, SIR JOHN, Kt.—The most splendid among the knights of the Court of King Henry VIII., at whose coronation he was captain of the King's body-guard, a corps so expensively dressed as to cause it to be of short duration. Sir John was using the gallant train at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and tradition records the visit of his royal master to his seat at Lullingstone in Kent. His remains repose in the church. On the spandrils of the tomb and on the monument itself are the rebus of his name—peaches inscribed with the letter E. His motto, "*Prest à fuire*," and his arms encircled by a wreath of peaches.*

The same badge is upon his standard.

PELHAM.—A buckle. This family, now represented by the Earl of Chichester, bear, as a quartering, gules, two demi-belts pale-

* Stothard.

ways, the buckles in chief argent, an augmentation granted to the family in the seventeenth century, but they had long borne the buckle (Fig. 19) as a badge, and occasionally as a crest, together with a cage (Fig. 20)



Fig. 19.

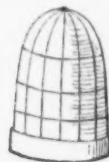


Fig. 20.

in commemoration of the capture of John, King of France, at Poitiers, by Sir John de Pelham, conjointly with Sir Roger la Warr, as already related (Sir Dela Warr). This buckle of a belt was sometimes used by his descendants as a seal manual, and at others, on each side of a cage emblem of the captivity of the King of France.

No badge, says Lower, has been of more various applications than the Pelham buckle. It occurs on the ecclesiastical buildings of which the family were either the founders or benefactors, on the architectural ornament of their mansions, on their ancient seals, as the sign of an inn, and among the more humble uses to which the buckle has been applied, may be mentioned the decoration of the cast-iron chimney-backs in the farmhouses on the estate, the embellishments of milestones, and even the marking of sheep. Throughout the whole part of eastern Sussex, over which the Pelham influence extends, there is no household word more familiar than the Pelham buckle.*

THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.

ALTHOUGH the building on the "Champ de Mars" is only beginning to indicate arrangements for the purposes of its construction, there can be no doubt that all will be ready there by the 1st of April, when the exhibition will, it is said, be opened. It is not improbable, however, that the day will be postponed, and that the inauguration will not take place until the traditional first of May. For many reasons the change will be beneficial. The turmoil that, for many months, affected Europe cannot but have retarded the progress of the manufacturers of the German kingdoms and states; indeed, those of France, being by no means assured that peace would so soon follow war, had deferred active preparations; and the Emperor will have more than a rational excuse for giving another month to contributors "all over the world"—to whom it will be a boon of magnitude.

Meanwhile, the Commission is working eagerly and zealously to have all ready in time. M. LE PLAY, who is at the head, is giving very general satisfaction. There are complaints everywhere—as usual—with regard to the allotments of space. They were universal in England, in 1851 and 1862; and we imagine so it would be if the acres allocated were doubled, and the Champ de Mars were as large as the Bois de Boulogne.

The Commission seems resolved that the

* LOWER. The badge is also used by the Duke of Newcastle.

exhibition shall not be unproductive in a monetary sense. They are making huge financial bargains with all persons who are speculators for gain. Some of these appear so enormous as to induce belief that although on the one side there will be profit, on the other there must be loss. A sum of twenty thousand pounds is to be paid by M. Dentu, the well-known publisher of the *Palais Royal*, for the exclusive right to issue the official catalogues. There will be of course a catalogue to cost a franc; but there will be also a descriptive catalogue issued in parts; hence, no doubt, he anticipates a return that will justify the speculation. As far as we can understand, there will be no attempt to produce an illustrated catalogue in France. Certainly at present there are no preparations for any such work; probably the necessary cost of such a production will deter M. Dentu; possibly, also (we are justified in the surmise), he is aware that he is not likely to produce one of greater excellence, or more comprehensive in character, than that we have announced in association with the *Art-Journal*—prospectuses of which have been extensively circulated, not only in France, but in the several countries of the Continent. Under any circumstances, M. Dentu has paid a liberal price for his privilege; and we trust his project will be prosperous and profitable.

A still more startling fact is this; no less a sum than one hundred thousand pounds will be paid by an associated company for the right to advertise on all the walls of the building. How that speculation is to pay it would be difficult to conceive. No doubt, however, the parties to the treaty know what they are about; and we understand a fifth of the contract has been taken by an English adventurer.

Even more astounding it is to learn that a sum of eight thousand pounds will be paid for the license to build a series of "retiring rooms," independent of those to which the mere public will have access.

If the arrangements for refreshment rooms, restaurants, cafés, &c. &c., are magnificent in proportion, an enormous sum will be obtained previous to the opening that must secure the undertaking from peril of loss, especially when it is considered that every exhibitor pays a stipulated rent for the space he is to occupy; and that the charges for admission, on reserved days and on special occasions, and for "season tickets," are high.

There can be no question that THE UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION will very far surpass its predecessors in France and in England. Not only with reference to its vast and numerous ramifications, and the singular novelties to be introduced, but with regard to the objects of Art and Art-manufacture that will be transmitted from all parts of the world. Prussia and Saxony and Bavaria may make a less brilliant display than in 1862, and possibly Austria may withdraw altogether from it, as a national effort; but France will go far beyond what she has hitherto done. The national jealousy has been roused; a spirit of emulation excited; and every manufacturer in the empire seems resolved to do his best. We have no fear for England in the coming contest of Peace. The most prominent of our provinces are making preparations for the struggle; and, of a surety, our honour will be upheld; although we do not think it likely that the contributions of any of the British exhibitors will exceed in excellence those of 1862.

Our observations apply only to the gathering of the works of manufacturers; in pure

Art, we apprehend the exhibition will fall short of that of 1855. In France, even more than in England, there is an indisposition to part, for so long a time, with pictures that are the adornments of private houses; and no very long period has elapsed since the artists universally were represented by their works. Twelve years is not an age; many of the great men of the world have left it, and their places have not been adequately supplied.

On the whole, however, we are sure the Universal Exhibition will be, by no means a disappointment. France, as we have intimated, is resolved to outdo herself, to maintain her unquestionable right to supremacy in all, or nearly all, the productions of manufacture into which Art enters. There is a general disposition to invite competition, and to rejoice when it is honourable to both sides; a willingness to teach as well as to learn; while there is manifested by all "the authorities" a liberal and enlightened policy that cannot but exercise beneficial influence, and illustrate the wisdom as well as the grandeur of Peace.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the Emperor will be in health during the year 1867, for on his personal influence much of the issue must depend.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

CANADA.—Mr. W. Raphael's painting, of which mention was made in the *Art-Journal* for October, has been sent to Glasgow; if not disposed of in that city, it will be forwarded to London. Lovers of the Fine Arts will thereby have an opportunity of seeing a good Canadian production, and, at the same time, a graphic representation of a scene in rear of the Bonsecour Market and Church, Montreal, together with the St. Lawrence River, and part of St. Helen's Island. We may here state that the same artist has just completed another picture, entitled 'The Fortune Teller.' It carries us back to "long, long ago;" and sets us down in a wood situated near an old castle, a glimpse of which may be had through the trees. In the foreground are an elderly man and his family, who are having the future unveiled to them by a gipsy fortune-teller, several of whose companions, in a variety of attitudes, are standing around. The picture displays considerable genius, and speaks well for the artist.—Mr. A. Vogt, the "Canadian Landseer," is certainly a very promising young artist. His latest production is a composition picture of size, combining landscape and cattle, which has won the admiration of even our severest connoisseurs. When viewing such excellent home-productions, one is tempted to look forward to the time, when in the Fine Arts we may see

"(Canada) conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame."

—The architects and contractors of Montreal contemplate erecting a monument in Mount Royal Cemetery, to the memory of the late Frederick Lawford, Esq., Architect, as a tribute of the respect in which his character was universally held.—Government has granted nine months' leave of absence to the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, Chief Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada, in order that he may visit Europe to recruit his health, and, at the same time, take measures for the improvement of the Upper Canada educational system. Among other objects he has in view, he is to add to the collection of models and works of Art for the proposed Provincial Schools of Art and Design, and to engage the services of a properly qualified master from the graduates of the Government Schools of Art and Design in England, to take charge of the same.

CAPE TOWN.—A new building for the School of Art has been opened in this town.

SELECTED PICTURES.

IN THE COLLECTION OF JOHN GRAHAM, ESQ.,
SKELMORLIE CASTLE, LANGS, NEAR
GREENOCK.

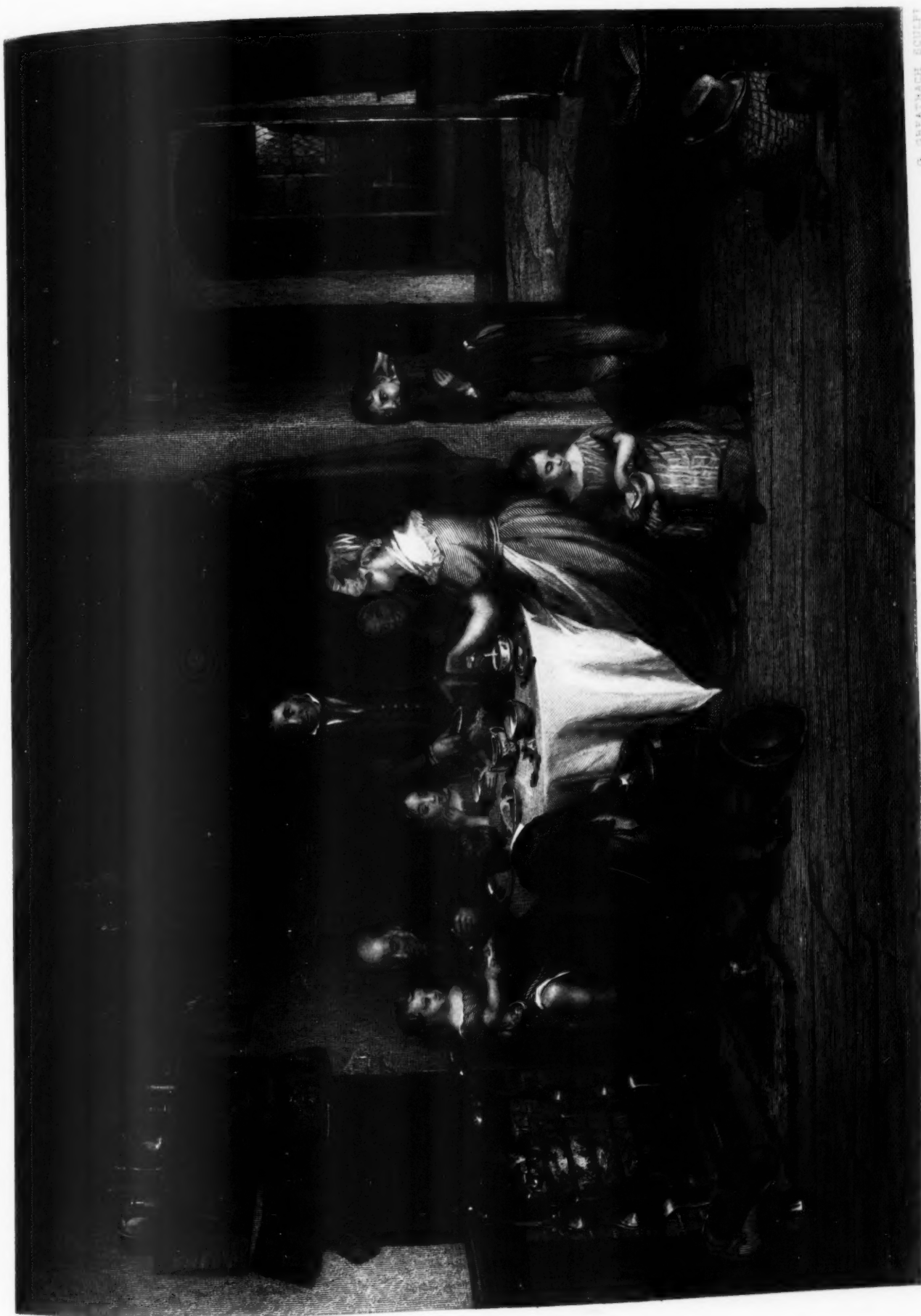
THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

T. Webster, R.A., Painter. G. Greatbach, Engraver.

PAINTERS, both modern and those whom we are accustomed to designate as the "old masters," are and have been often known to change, as they advance in practice, their subjects, if not their style of work; sometimes we find them doing both. Mr. Webster seems to have marked out for himself at the very commencement of his career one especial class of subject, and he has continued it, the only variation being an increase of excellence in treatment as his powers became more and more matured. The pictures he painted thirty years ago are the same in purpose and character as those he produces at the present day. Time may have "thinned his flowing hair," but it has not rendered him an hour older in his Art-feeling, nor abated one jot of his sympathy with the scenes and circumstances of boyhood. Mr. Webster's Art is always young.

Though this is a comparatively early picture—it was exhibited at the Academy in 1838—the artist had already achieved considerable notoriety by the works he had previously sent out from his studio; but in almost every instance they were of a more humorous character than 'The Breakfast-Table.' In this composition we have a simple domestic scene—the interior of an old-fashioned country-house, it may be a farmhouse, though its occupants scarcely seem to belong to the strictly agricultural class. Three generations are seated round the homely-furnished table on which the morning meal is spread. First, there is the old couple; the grandfather has on his knee the youngest child, who holds in its hands a slice of bread, which the old man is covering with some dainty, to the evident disturbance—real or assumed, but more probably the latter—of his venerable wife. The little one, however, is undoubtedly the pet of the family, and grandfather's offence will be readily condoned, even by his son, the stalwart man whose attention has been diverted from his business of "cutting bread and butter" to watch what is taking place by the fireside. His wife—now a staid matron—is preparing for her husband and the old folks the "cup that cheers but not inebriates," and two girls are busy discussing the contents of their basins of porridge, or of bread and milk; a puppy by the side of one of these children seems very desirous of sharing the meal with her, and in all probability will come in for a morsel or two. As for the boys, one has finished his breakfast, and is packing up his school-bag, preparatory to his early departure; the other is, apparently, still as hungry as when he rose from his bed; he has not yet learned his lesson, and his mother, like a sensible woman, the head of a well-ordered family, has given him to understand that till he has mastered his task there will be no breakfast for him: and so he stands moodily, and with no very agreeable expression of face, leaning against the wall, his thoughts more intent upon what ministers to the bodily wants than upon his book.

The story of 'The Breakfast-Table' is told in a very simple and truthful manner, without any embellishment of extraneous matter. The picture is of considerable size, and is painted with great care and solidity.



G. SHEATHACH SCULPT

THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF JOHN DEANAM, ESQ. ENGRAVED BY CARLIS LANGE & CO.

T. WEBSTER, R. A. PINXIT



DAVID RAMSAY HAY, THE MATHEMATICIAN OF TASTE.

"At 7, Jordan Bank, Edinburgh, on the 10th of Sept., D. R. Hay, Esq., aged 68. Friends are requested to accept of this intimation." It was with poignant grief we read this announcement that a self-made man and true philosopher had passed away. We remember the days and nights at that very Jordan Bank, where men, like William and Robert Chambers, Leitch and Handside Ritchie (not brothers), Sheriff Gordon, Professors Goodsir, Kelland, and Donaldson, the late George Wilson, and his brother, Daniel Wilson, James Ballantine, P. S. Fraser, and the wits of Edinburgh were at all times sure of being found assembled along with any visiting celebrities that might, for the time, have been found thrown up on the waves of chance; and where the talk always verged with rapid freedom "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." We remember the wonder and amazement of the learned sheriff when informed by the present writer, then but a fledgling *protégé* of the genial host, that Dysart (a coast town in Fife) had once been an emporium of Scottish commerce. "I know Dysart very well," said the sheriff comically, "but I never heard it called an Emporium." "Oh, sheriff," was the retort, "I noticed an *immense* emporium in your own jurisdiction, yesterday, at the Netherbow Port, just under Adam and Eve;* and it was a *rag-store*." Again, when P. S. Fraser, to astonish a Swedish professor, sang "Roy's wife of Aldivalloch," the professor listened with rapturous delight to it; but when called upon for his opinion of Scotch songs in general, and that one in particular, answered that it was "all very good, but ze zingar have omitted ze best verse." "What verse?" asked Fraser in amazement; "Oh, ze very best—mine wife, a Scotch ladie, and she always sing—

"I wat she was a canty quean,
Weel could she dance ze Highland walloch,
How happy I had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!"

And Mr. Fraser had omitted it, and sat corrected. It was, we believe, the self-same evening that a grandson and representative of the celebrated Bishop Watson, the apologist of the Bible, being present, together with several leading members of the great Edinburgh Whig party, it was thought only right, although some of us were of Dr. Johnson's opinion, perhaps, concerning the origin of Whigs, to propose the young gentleman's health as a worthy descendant of the Whig Bishop. His reply was given in the Dundreary style, just then becoming fashionable—"Gentlemen, I am a wig—by all my twad-witions a wig," &c. We could go on *ad infinitum* with these reminiscences of the evenings at Jordan Bank, more especially Mr. Hay's own racy anecdotes—his travels in Ireland—how the beggars of Ennis sold him a baby, and ere they parted with him on the top of the coach, made him pay for its keep—how in Cumberland he was shown a stream of water running up hill—how he corrected Sir Walter Scott himself in emblazoning the shield of the Nesbits, one of the Border Clans at Abbotsford, not with three tortoises "proper" crawling in their shells, but with the real cake of gold with a bit nipped out like a barber's bason, the tortoise awarded for each of the three crusades, and indicating that the Nesbits had been in all the three. But we do not intend to touch so much upon the life as on the works of the deceased, relying that some affectionate hand will duly trace his instructive career from the time when David Roberts, R.A., and he were "printers' devils" together in Ballantine's printing-house to the time when Sir Walter Scott took him by the hand, placed him as an Art-Student in "The Trustees' Academy" at Edinburgh, told him that as a common limner he might succeed to eminence, but that, as an artistic decorator he might, as he did, make an ample fortune, Sir Walter himself paving the way to it by entrusting him with

the decorations of Abbotsford, many of which are the work of Mr. Hay's own hands, for he was not only the most industrious, but the best man of business among the tradesmen of Edinburgh.

Somewhat in contrast to the philosophical severity of what follows we have prefaced the present notice with such pleasant memories; and instinctively will these and similar recollections pass before all who knew the late D. R. Hay, and the surroundings with which he loved to associate himself in his luxurious villa home. Perhaps they will not be deemed inappropriate when we add that ever philosophical in his turn of mind, Mr. Hay himself never failed to conjure up and descend upon his favourite topics of harmony and taste. And amidst all the undoubted enjoyments that prevailed, a tone was invariably imparted to these occasions which told that paramount over all was Mr. Hay's own peculiar philosophy. A reviewer, indeed, once arrived at the conclusion that his name would some day be hailed as that of a great discoverer who had drawn together the boundaries of physical and metaphysical facts—the modern Pythagoras, in short, who, if he had not compassed the harmony of the spheres, had extracted and defined the subtle elements of earthly beauty and tendered a mathematical definition of them which could be grasped by the eye as well as the understanding. As the author of nearly thirty volumes devoted to establish scientific principles in Art, Mr. Hay has left behind him a whole library of aesthetics; but as his works may not necessarily fall within the reach of every one, we would propose to indicate briefly the principles he has developed.

There is one thing observable in this present age. No mere speculation in science runs a chance of acceptance. We prefer mathematical certainty to metaphysical doubt; the boast of the age is physical research—everything, even the *spectrum analysis*, and the Atlantic cable, must now stand or fall by its facts. The age of dreams is past (with exception, perhaps, of President Grove's dream of continuity of the sciences at Nottingham), that of realities has arrived. The Avatar of a New Baconian impulse seems to have come over the spirit of inductive knowledge. It has taken a long time to accomplish, but at length, instead of multiplying subtleties we are carefully ascertaining truths; and results are appreciated in proportion only as they appear tangible. How far back this inquiry dates from its commencement may be judged by a quotation:—

"Now then," says one of the earliest disciples of physics, "this whole controversy is reduced to the alteration which the logic and physics of the ancients may receive by this change. As for their metaphysics, they scarce deserve to have place allowed them in this consideration. Nor does that prevail with me which the lovers of that cloudy knowledge are wont to boast, that it is an excellent instrument to refine and make subtle the minds of men. For there may be a greater excess in the subtlety of men's wits than in their thickness, as we see those threads which are too fine spinning are found to be more useless than those which are homespun and gross."—*Bishop Sprat's History of the Royal Society—Preface.*

Yet it is not altogether the old battle betwixt the followers of Aristotle and those of Plato that nowadays excites the world as it used to animate the schoolmen combatants. Those sects and factions were forgotten early in our day; for the enlightened research of modern philosophy can boast of the power to press Plato himself, to say nothing of Aristotle, into the service of physical investigation. A science may be conceived, in which, when all merely practical considerations have been exhausted, the pervading principle and key-note may be found beyond, in the region of abstract thought. Many recent writers on the beautiful have striven to penetrate thus far, with what success the world is well aware. It was Mr. D. R. Hay, however, that led and showed the way.

These things are all the more remarkable since it is too true, in consonance with Professor Huxley's complaint at Nottingham, that general education is scarcely keeping pace with scientific discovery and philosophical advancement. The provisions for public instruction in physics are totally inadequate to the requirements of the time; and either we must soon

calculate on receding as fast as we advance in knowledge, or steps must be adopted toward a *novum organum*—steps to supplant by a new and methodical organisation the present haphazard sources of investigation—those mere impulsive and personal predilections that guide the scientific inquirer as it were by accident and not by design, and alone create our existing irregular army of scientific volunteers. The standards of our university education are by no means low. But in despite of recent attempts to multiply new colleges or remodel old, to provide professorships, and institute "physical sciences, tripos"—the education itself is limited in its range. The most educated are hardly enough enlightened to perceive that while the walls of separation have been already thrown down betwixt many of the sciences and their "continuity," as Mr. Grove calls it, established, there are still more of them capable of being fraternised, and Aristotle may be made to embrace Plato on a platform of blended investigation where principle will not upbraid practice, but, on the contrary, practice will only elucidate principle. Thus, in place of the old empirical attempts with which reason never mingled, the conventionalities of reasoning which tradition sanctioned, no one knew why; instead even of glittering fragments of astonishing revelations derived, like the theory of gravitation itself, from casual accident or experiment; abstract rules and laws really elementary—the new allies of general investigation—begin to afford steady lights to guide, and hints to rectify experimental inquiry. There is neither mysticism nor transcendentalism in these remarks. They tell of our undoubted progress towards an enlarged, but systematic development of truth.

Already has exact science made its essay, along with the doctrine of final causes, in defining that most permanent in type and least constant in form of all the rules of natural science, the law of development in animal life. The union has, perhaps, been unequal; for biological science, which includes physiology, anatomy, and final causes, has disclosed much, and mathematical science as yet but little. It is twenty years since Professor Moseley, in a paper in the "Philosophical Transactions," known only to a few mathematicians as embodying a curious and singular suggestion, propounded from an investigation of the shells of molluscous animals, the geometrical law of a force which reduced itself to the known spiral form of the logarithmic curve. By bringing forward that solitary exemplar of a development lying within the scope of precise calculation, he not only left it to be hoped that the true development of every other form of animated nature lay also within the compass of laws capable of mathematical expression and subject to numerical valuation; but he actually affirmed the moral certainty of all such truths being sooner or later discovered and explained. It is in reference to Mr. D. R. Hay's contributions towards this result that we would more especially wish to exhibit the nature and tendency of his philosophical labours.

The geometry of the human figure, particularly that of the human head, which seems naturally to resolve into globular forms beneath the most casual glance, appears to promise the first rewards of research in this direction; and it was here that Mr. Hay most successfully pushed his inquiries, thinking it not improbable that he might obtain the co-operation of natural philosophers in bringing out that necessarily complex geometry* of forms existing in nature, and manifested in obedience to express laws and forces. Proceeding, however, as an artist rather than a naturalist, having taste for his topic, and perfect ideal beauty for his object, it was thus that, notwithstanding any intricate composition of curves the imperfect beauty of nature might present, Mr. Hay discerned the possibility of simpler rules, and, in fact, elementary laws existing sufficient to define the outlines of that ideal *towards* which all natural beauty tends, but to which it never altogether attains. Here, then,

* Well-known Roman medallions inserted in a house-front, opposite John Knox's corner.

* It seems absurd to use the word "geometry" as applied to the human head and figure, instead of to the earth from which they sprung: yet "mensuration" would not do.

the practical artist rather than the lover of nature helped him out in his proposition, and illustrated by the creations of Art the principles he assumed to have reached. It is thus that in his numerous works Mr. Hay takes a conclusive appeal from living Art to the almost fabulous excellence of Greek antiquity. He applied, in fact, the spheroidal and oblate spheroidal figures produced by the revolutions of a circle and ellipse, inscribing triangles representative of his ratios of proportion, to the reputed fragments of Lysippus, Praxiteles, and Phidias, or other antique models of the best Art of Greece; and he held that whilst the result has furnished the artistical geometry of the human head, the rules on which these artists proceeded must have been known to antiquity, though lost to us; nay, that they could not have been materially different from certain facts rendered mystic to the uninitiated by the cabalistic numbers of Pythagoras, and "caviare to the general," by the sublime rhapsodies of Plato. They imparted to the old Greek Art its unique type of undeviating ideal beauty, never again surpassed by the hand of man.*

W. WALLACE FYFE.

OBITUARY.

HENRY CHAWNER SHENTON.

THE old school of line-engravers is being rapidly thinned in its ranks. Mr. Shenton, one of the few survivors of those who earned a reputation more than a quarter of a century ago, died suddenly on the 15th of September, at his residence at Camden Town. In the palmy days of the "Annuals" he did good service with his graver for these much-coveted little volumes, but his largest and most important plates are 'The Stray Kitten,' after W. Collins, R.A.; 'A Day's Sport in the Highlands,' after A. Cooper, R.A.; 'The Hermit,' after A. Fraser; 'The Loan of a Bite,' after W. Mulready, R.A.; 'The Tired Huntsman,' from the picture by C. Landseer, R.A.; 'The Death of Cœur de Lion,' from the picture by J. Cross; and 'The Labour for Love,' after T. R. Dicksee: the three last-mentioned plates were engraved for the Art-Union of London. For our series of plates from the Vernon Gallery, he engraved 'Country Cousins,' after the picture by R. Redgrave, R.A.; and he also carried towards completion 'The Death of Cleopatra,' by Guido, in the Royal Collection; but owing to a failure of sight, an affliction which entirely prevented him during the later years of his life from working at his profession, we put this plate into the hands of Mr. H. Bourne to finish. 'The Labour of Love' was also completed by another hand, owing to Mr. Shenton's indisposition.

He was born at Winchester in 1803, and studied his art under Charles Warren, whose daughter he married. Warren was an excellent engraver, whose talent was chiefly employed in small book-plates. Warren, who died in 1823, was, we believe, one of the earliest engravers who worked on steel for Fine Art plates.

HENRY TELBIN.

The newspapers have reported the untimely death, on the 5th of September, of this promising young artist, son of the well-known scene-painter. He was out sketching on a lofty rock near Grütli, in Switzerland, when his foot slipped, as he attempted to resume the seat from which he had risen, and he was precipitated over the edge into the lake below.

* To be continued.

OUR PUBLIC STATUES.

IT is not long since Chantrey's statue of George IV. in Trafalgar Square was cleaned so as to restore the proper colour of the bronze; and it is fair to suppose that this proceeding was then intended as the beginning of a course of purification to be extended to all the figures in the Square. But as the cleansing has not been continued, it was, perhaps, meant to be limited to this single instance, as preparatory to some process to be employed with a view to the preservation of the colour of the metal. It can scarcely be believed that the statue was scoured without some ulterior purpose, as it is well-known that an out-door exposure of two or three years suffices to blacken our bronzes. If any process supplementary to the cleaning were contemplated, it does not appear to have been effected; or if it has, it has proved useless, for the statue will soon be as black as ever. The state of our public sculptures is disreputable; any means therefore that would secure to them permanently some semblance of the metal of which they are composed, would be so much to place to the credit of national taste. Of the demerits of some of these works, enough has already been said; so much indeed it were perhaps better that certain of them should be left in the dark. We are not of the "medicine men" who satisfy themselves and console others with the assurance that our climate alone is in fault—so bad that its consumption of the flesh is even surpassed by its consumption of metal. The condition of all our bronzes, as compared with that of similar works in some foreign cities, suggests inquiry as to the material of which the former are composed, rather than prompts a condemnation of the climate to which they are exposed. If we look for a standard of the appearance which statuary metal should present after lengthened exposure, we find it in the figure of James II. in Whitehall Gardens, which was cast about 1686. It is not necessary to inquire whether this statue has ever been cleaned, since it is evident that its colour is the settled hue of the metal independently of climate. Most of us remember the erection in Trafalgar Square of the last statues placed there, and some of us can recall the erection of the earliest. On their first appearance they were of course as clean as coin of the newest mintage, but the lapse of a few years was enough to supersede their lustre by that opaque oxidation which frequently assumes the appearance of a sooty efflorescence. A comparison between these works and that at Whitehall shows without question that the latter is formed of a metal fitter for its purpose than that of which the former are made. We may, indeed, go the length of saying that the bronzes generally of any antecedent time are superior to those of modern date; but this preference will not include the statue of Charles I., which makes no better appearance than those constituted of the basest metal. Both horse and rider were, we believe, found on examination, some years since, to be in an advanced state of decay, caused probably by the indifferent material of which they were formed. It would be instructive to know the qualities employed in the composition of the bronze at Whitehall, but they cannot depart far from a common formula, such as, copper 88 parts, tin 9, zinc 2, and lead 1. This, we believe, is not absolute—if we knew the composition of many beautiful specimens; that of the statue of Louis XV., for instance, is copper 82½, tin 5, zinc 10½, and lead 2. We know not the quantities of which our public memorials consist, but if it is a creditable property of a composition that it look like bronze, then our statues which do not look like bronze would appear no worse, but better, if they were made of cast iron. That of Canning facing the Houses of Parliament is perfectly black; that of Peel in Cheapside is equally so—between this and the iron fencing round St. Paul's there is not that difference in colour which ought, to the eye, to distinguish bronze from painted iron, but the latter has the advantage of a cleaner appearance than the former; hence if it be an inexorable condition of our public

sculpture that it be black—it were better that it were of iron, which yields a much finer cast than copper, and would be free from the sooty oxide that seems to lie in flakes on all our public works.

But we have the alternative of good metal; for it cannot be believed that the composition of any of our statues approaches either of the formula above mentioned, and if one of them had been erected in any Italian piazza, the result would have been the same as that we now lament. On the other hand, had Cellini's Perseus or Gian Bologna's Mercury been set up in Trafalgar Square, either of them would have preserved its bronze face as well as the statue in Whitehall Gardens.

The use of military metal for our sculpture has been unfortunate. On the carriage of the mortar in St. James's Park we read that it was cast at Woolwich; but it is evidently composed of a metal very inferior to that of the gun itself, and the latter does not look like standard bronze. The Achilles in Hyde Park is gun metal; and so is the Havelock, and, we believe, also the Napier, both in Trafalgar Square. To attribute the "black death" of our public sculpture to climatic mischief is not enough. Sculptors, it is to be feared, are not generally sufficiently careful with respect to the composition of the metal in which their works are to be cast. We are aware, indeed, of one or two instances of, we may say, recklessness as to the quality of the so-called bronze; and the appearance of many induces the belief that the material in other cases has not been sufficiently cared for, and this persuasion is justified, not only by the appearance of these works, but by the converse state of small pieces (*parva componere magnis*) of ornamental bronze distributed in various parts of London, which have, under long exposure, retained the surface and appearance of a material compounded, either approximately or strictly, according to the standard formula. To refer to the reproductions of Italian bronzes in the South Kensington museum, it is only necessary to look at the modelling to be convinced that it bespeaks the condition of these works to be yet sharp, fresh, and clean, even after centuries of exposure. This remark will of course be met by an objection based on the fitness of the climate for the preservation of such productions; but this demurrer cannot be admitted until it is shown that our composition is identical with that of the Italian metal.

Without further reference to foreign examples, our desire is to point attention to the discreditable state of our own monuments; to suggest that something in the way of a revival of their colour be attempted, and if possible maintained; and that in all future public works the amalgam should be known. These remarks are prompted by the deferred hope that "something" was to follow the cleansing of the statue of George IV., and perhaps the expectation of such a project is not visionary. There are certain well-known fluid compounds which resist moisture, and set with a surface like transparent enamel. One application of such a solution would probably, for a period of twelve or fifteen years, secure a statue from becoming black, and as the cost of the operation would be nothing in comparison with the appearance of value thus given to the figure, we submit, is due to public decency that some attempt be made towards restoration. They are nearly all testimonials of the virtues of eminent men raised by subscription of their admiring fellow-countrymen. This is very well, but to give effect to these projects, their execution has been usually confided to a committee, the members of which find themselves for the first time in their lives involved in the intricacies of an Art-question, and hence those tears which will never cease to flow until we have changed all that. We may finally offer a suggestion or two, for the proposition of which ample grounds could be given. No material should in future be employed for statues of which the amalgam is not precisely known, and it should be stipulated that the artist or some skilled person has at all times, during the preparations and the castings, access to the foundry.

MODERN PAINTERS OF BELGIUM.

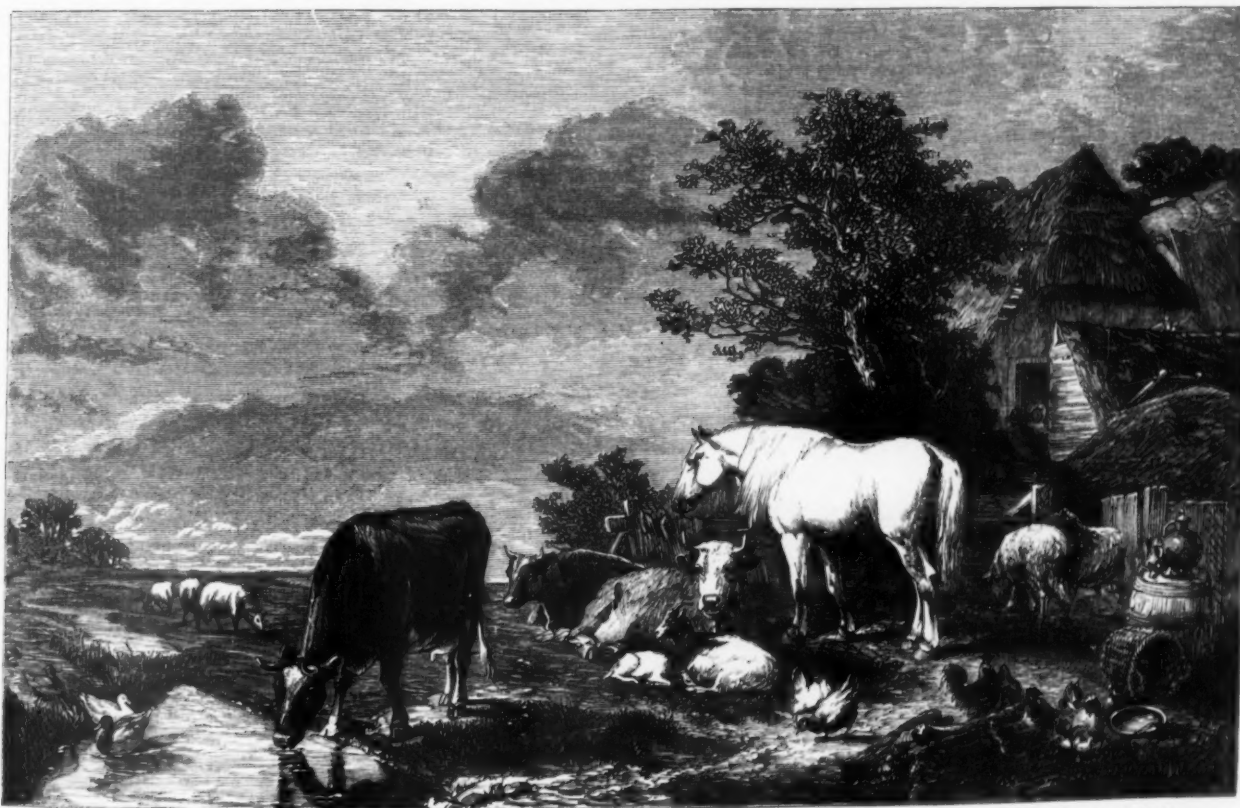
No. X.—E. VERBOECKHOVEN. C. T'SCHAGGENY.
L. VAN KUYCK.

It is only to repeat a remark we have often made, when we say that the Art of a country generally takes its tone from the manners, customs, and pursuits of its inhabitants. The works of the old Dutch and Flemish painters are notable examples. Historical Art certainly had its followers in Rubens, Van Dyck, Jordaens, and others; but the majority of their contemporaries and immediate successors drew their inspirations from those things, chiefly, by which they were surrounded. So it is that we recognise Backhuysen and W. Vander Velde in the naval engagements of the Dutch fleets, or "taking notes" of sundry merchant vessels and fishing-boats on the coasts and rivers of Holland; Teniers and Ostade attending village feasts, and lounging about the doors of ale-houses; Gerard Douw, Mieris, Terburg, and others, setting up their easels in the boudoirs of the rich Flemish and Dutch citizens; Ruysdael and Hobbema, Both and Vander Neer sketching in the open fields and the wooded landscape; Paul Potter and Cuyp among the cattle in the pastures; and Berghem transferring to his canvases horsemen refreshing themselves at the roadside inn, cavaliers starting on a hunting expedition, and peasants driving their herds to market or the meadows. The painters of the Netherlands were, chiefly, naturalistic and domestic; ideal and poetical Art was rarely practised by them.

In the Chaussée de Haecht, Shaerbeck, a pleasant locality in the immediate outskirts of Brussels, stands a mansion of considerable pretensions. It is approached by a carriage-way through a small garden and shrubbery, prettily laid out, and flanked by numerous fine trees. The house is the residence of EUGENE VERBOECKHOVEN, whose studio forms part of the building, but

has a separate entrance from a lane running down by the side of the front garden; this is an absolute necessity, for the artist has a little menagerie of animals which he makes his "sitters," while his studio is filled with plaster models of heads, limbs, &c., that give it the appearance of a small museum of natural history. These are for the most part his own work, and had M. Verboeckhoven turned his attention to sculpture, he would assuredly have earned a reputation as high as that he has obtained for painting; we saw last year in his studio a lion, sculptured life-size, most vigorous in design, and executed with consummate ability.

He was born in 1799, at Warneton, a small village in Belgium. The works of Ommeganck, a Flemish animal-painter, held in much estimation, who died nearly half a century ago, seem to have influenced his early studies; but he had too much independence to become a mere imitator of any painter, however renowned, and nature had given him talents which enabled him to adopt and maintain a style of his own. Pictures of the class Verboeckhoven produces do not admit of that detailed description which a writer can give to historical and *genre* works; but even a painter of animals need not repeat himself nor his models. A list of some of the subjects this artist has placed on canvas shows how diversified they are:—'Cattle on the Road to Ghent,' 'A Tiger in his Den,' 'Cattle in a Meadow,' 'Deer in a Landscape,' 'Cattle alarmed at a Storm,' 'The Way to the Ford,' 'Deer pursued by a Wolf,' 'Horses attacked by Wolves.' One of his pictures, 'Cattle crossing a Ford,' painted expressly for the *Art-Journal*, was published as an engraving by us a few years since. The enumeration of these few works suffices to show that the artist does not limit his practice to one particular class of animals, as did his great predecessors, Paul Potter and Cuyp, but that his pencil takes in a wide range of animal-life, all of which he treats with equal truth of character and artistic feeling. The landscape portion of his pictures is very meritorious, and often assumes a prominent feature, instead of being made, as is not unfrequently the case with painters of this class, a mere background to the animals. Many years ago he visited Italy, which resulted in the introduction of the scenery of that country into some of his compositions.



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

E. Verboeckhoven, Pinxt.
A FLEMISH HOMESTEAD.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.]

The picture we here engrave, 'A FLEMISH HOMESTEAD,' is a good example of M. Verboeckhoven's style and manner. The ordinary occupants of a farmyard are arranged with an eye to pictorial effect, and the drawing of the animals is perfectly true. This quality is one of the chief excellences of the painter; it is apparent in the most trivial portions of every work; his thorough knowledge of the anatomy of the animal is most conspicuous;

his pencilling is delicate, though his colouring sometimes has too greyish a tone to fully satisfy one accustomed to the brilliancy of our own school. The picture belongs to an English collector, Mr. Teesdale.

The works of this artist have occasionally been seen in the Royal Academy, and more frequently, especially of late, in the French Gallery, Pall Mall. This year, for instance, he exhibited

in the latter rooms five pictures. He is a member of the Antwerp Academy, is an Officer of the Order of Leopold, a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, Commander of the Portuguese Order of Christ, and Chevalier of the Order of Merit of Bavaria. In the studio of Verboeckhoven, at Brussels, many painters who have risen to eminence acquired a knowledge of their art; among them Mr. T. Sydney Cooper, A.R.A., C. and E. T'Schaggeny, Francia, the marine painter, and Mr. Adolphus R. Jones, the latter of English descent, and speaking our language as a native, though born in Brussels, and a naturalised Belgian. He paints very much in the manner of his friend and preceptor, in whose atelier we saw him at work. Mr. Jones's pictures are sometimes to be found in the French Gallery; he received a medal at the Brussels exhibition in 1845, and was nominated, in 1860, Chevalier of the Order of Merit of Saxe Coburg.

Among the Belgian painters who, as just stated, studied under M. Verboeckhoven is CHARLES T'SCHAGGENY, born at Brussels in 1815. At the age of twenty-two, he quitted the civil service of the Belgian government, in which he held an appointment, to devote himself to painting. In 1845 he exhibited at

Brussels 'The Labourer at Rest,' for which a gold medal was awarded him; the picture was purchased by the late king of the Belgians. In 1848 he came over to England, and resided here nearly two years, in London and at Oxford, receiving in both places numerous commissions for portraits of horses. M. T'Schaggeny exhibited at the Royal Academy two pictures, 'An Episode of the Field of Battle,' and 'The Strawyard.' In the royal collection at Osborne are two paintings by this artist, both of which were engraved for our Journal and published in the series of "Royal Pictures." The first was 'The Harvest Field,' exhibited at Brussels in 1851, where it procured for its author the decoration of a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold. Among the contributions to the Dublin Industrial and Fine Arts Exhibition of 1853, it was there seen and purchased by the Queen. The second, a capital picture of its class, is called 'The Cow Doctor.'

Though T'Schaggeny has sometimes introduced other animals into his pictures, the horse is his "speciality;" but it is almost invariably accompanied by figures, which give to the composition a higher character than it would otherwise assume, for these figures do not, generally, occupy a subordinate place; they sometimes are important adjuncts to the rest of the subject, and



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

C. T'Schaggeny, Paint.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.]

CHANGING THE PASTURAGE.

sometimes may be strictly looked upon as principals. Several photographic copies of his works are before us which exemplify the truth of these remarks. 'The Harvest Field,' differing from that just referred to; a loaded waggon, on which the labourers are piling the last sheaves; by its side, and in the middle distance, are women and girls gleaning:—'Going to Plough;' the exterior of a stable; by the doorway stand two fine Flemish horses, harnessed; on one of the animals the owner or driver has placed his little boy, to give him "a ride":—'Going to Market;' a woman leading down hill a horse on which a child is seated among the panniers; another horse, laden, follows quietly in the rear; the landscape is barren of trees, the weather is wintry and windy:—'The Blacksmith's Forge;' here the smith is pulling vigorously at a noble cart-horse unwilling to enter the shop; a boy stands by holding two other horses, both of which are gazing intently on their recusant companion:—'Learning to Plough;' though the soil of Belgium is usually light and friable, the farmers seldom plough with fewer horses than three, which are harnessed abreast, as we find them in this picture; the plough is guided by a young boy, at whose side is a man holding the reins, and apparently

giving some instructions to the juvenile rustic. In all these compositions the figures play as prominent a part as the animals, and both are presented with equal power and truth of delineation.

One of the most spirited designs we have seen from the hand of this painter is that we have engraved, 'CHANGING THE PASTURAGE;' excellent in the grouping of the animals, the action of each is natural, and the drawing correct. There is great vigour, too, as well as truth of action in the drawing of the man, who certainly has not learned to restrain his temper under circumstances calculated to excite angry feelings, though the cause here is not quite perspicuous. There are difficulties in the way of representing animals in motion which the artist has not to contend with when they are at rest; but M. T'Schaggeny shows himself able to overcome them. He has been an occasional exhibitor at the French Gallery, and contributed two characteristic pictures to the International Exhibition of 1862, 'A Mail-coach in the Belgian Ardennes,' and 'Smugglers on the Franco-Belgian Frontier.' His brother Edmund has acquired a good reputation by his clever paintings of sheep, to which, so far as our knowledge of his works goes, he limits himself.

LOUIS VAN KUYCK is another Belgian artist who may be classed with the preceding, though differing from either of them. He was born at Antwerp in 1821, and, when a boy, was placed with a watchmaker to learn the business. This employment he followed about four years, when his health failed, and he was recommended by his medical attendant to pass as much time as possible in the country, and especially in the fields. To this it is owing that his vocation in life was changed; for, possessing a taste for drawing, and a love of it, he, while obeying the injunctions of his doctor, indulged his inclinations by sketching in crayon whatever pleased his fancy. A friend of the family seeing some of these youthful drawings—for Van Kuyck was only then about sixteen years of age—advised his parents to let him study Art with a view of making it a profession; and, accordingly, he entered the schools of the Antwerp Academy, then under the direction of Van Bree. After the death of the latter artist, he worked for some time by himself, and, subsequently, in the studio of Baron Wappers, with whom he remained till the baron left Antwerp to reside in Paris.

M. Van Kuyck's earliest works are of the strict *genre* kind. We

have, however, never met with any of them. It was quite by chance he quitted this department of Art to adopt that in which he has earned a high reputation in his own country as well as elsewhere on the Continent. One of his friends having made a sketch from nature of the interior of a stable, requested him to complete it. From that sketch he painted a picture, which found its way into the Museum of Munich, where it now is. Its success induced him to devote his talents henceforth to these subjects.

While in the studio of Baron Wappers, Van Kuyck was commissioned by that artist to make a series of drawings for an album for our Queen, who, with the late lamented Prince Consort, had been on a visit to the King of the Belgians. This was in the year 1852. On her return to England, the royal party landed near Terneusen, a village on the right bank of the Scheldt, as the traveller passes down the river, and not far from Antwerp. Her Majesty, on disembarking, got into one of the ordinary carriages used by the country people, and was driven round the environs of the village, alighting once at a small farmhouse, which she entered. The Queen was so pleased with what she saw in and about Terneusen, and with its inhabitants, that she desired to



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

L. Van Kuyck, Paint.

A FLEMISH INN-YARD.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

possess some reminiscences of the visit, and expressly desired that the "state-carriage"—one of very primitive and picturesque form—should not be omitted from the series. Baron Wappers, then president of the Belgian Academy, was requested to select some artist to execute her Majesty's wish, and he, knowing Van Kuyck's peculiar fitness for the work, put it into his hands. He related to us an amusing anecdote in connection with this commission. It so happened that when he went to Terneusen to make the sketches, accompanied by his wife and the Belgian consul resident there, they occupied the identical vehicle which her Majesty had used; and the country people, who seemed to have been ignorant of the persons of their former distinguished visitors, mistook Madame Van Kuyck for the Queen, and the artist for the Prince. It required some explanation to undeceive those simple-minded folk.

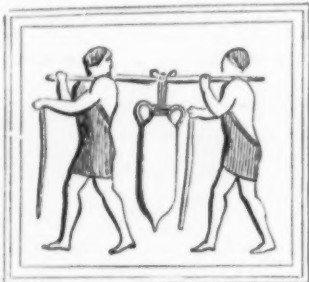
The selection of a subject as an example of Van Kuyck's pencil has not been easy. As already intimated, the interiors of rural Flemish stables, so picturesquely constructed with their heavy roof-beams and wooden supports; their occupants—horses, and

dogs, and poultry, and pigeons; and the men and lads employed about the farm, are now the staple of his compositions. But instead of any of these we prefer giving 'A FLEMISH INN-YARD,' because it includes much of what is seen in the others, and is in itself yet more picturesque. The hostelry was sketched in the vicinity of Antwerp. It is one of those quaint old buildings which abound in the country, and which are so appreciated by the artist. A man is "backing" a horse into the shafts of a tilted cart—one of those vehicles used by Belgian farmers to convey produce to market—a process that seems to rivet the attention of sundry lookers-on. The materials of the picture are well put together, and compose very agreeably. We have several of M. Van Kuyck's "stable" subjects before us as we write, all of them showing his skill in drawing the horse, and his taste in "making up" an effective picture. A gold medal was recently awarded to him at the Brussels Exposition for one of these works. In 1864 he exhibited two such subjects in Pall Mall. Van Kuyck is an excellent colourist as well as draftsman.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

SIGNBOARDS.*

THE custom of employing signs to indicate a particular trade or business may, in all probability, be traced back to a period antecedent to the time of Roman greatness, when it was known to exist, as exemplified by the two illustrations introduced below, copied from the walls of Pompeii. Neither has it been so long discontinued in England as to be beyond the memory of any man who has reached the age of fifty or sixty years. For example: over the door or window of the grocer was suspended a grasshopper, the draper hung out a lamb, a roll of tobacco showed where the noxious or fragrant "weed"—as taste dictates either term—might be obtained; and a black doll was the



WINE MERCHANT.
(Pompeii, A.D. 70.)

attraction of the dealer in marine-stores. The pawnbroker still suspends his three balls, and other trade-signs may even now be met with occasionally. These were, or are, specialties, but the houses of public entertainment must be examined for varied and curious revelations of the subject as set forth by "mine hosts."

Such a task Messrs. Larwood and Hotten have undertaken, and with a result that shows how diligent was their research, and how much historical and antiquarian knowledge has been brought to bear on the subject. "The History of Signboards" is a book singularly entertaining and very far from uninteresting. Landlords of the hostelry or the "public," and the painters of signboards, were frequently odd fellows in the way of business, and evidenced their humour in a most amusing manner. It



SHOEMAKER.
(Herculaneum.)

is sometimes remarked of an indifferent picture that it "would disgrace a signboard," but one does not expect to find a work of Art, worthily so called, meeting us on the highway; yet there are many artists who rose to eminence, whose earliest school of painting was in the shop of the house and sign painter; and even when they have become famous, a whim, or a desire to do an act of kindness, has led them to set their mark, in the form of a picture outside some inn or alchouse in which they had a

* THE HISTORY OF SIGNBOARDS, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Jacob Larwood and John Camden Hotten. With One Hundred Illustrations in Fac Simile by J. Larwood. Published by J. C. Hotten. London.

special interest. Richard Wilson, Hogarth, Morland, Ibbetson, and others, did so; David Cox painted the sign of the "Royal Oak" for his favourite place of resort at Bettws-y-coed; "Old" Crome, of Norwich, painted "The Sawyers," for a house in that city; Harlow, in discharge of the landlord's bill, painted the



KING'S PORTER AND DWARF.
(Newgate Street, circa 1668.)

portrait of Queen Charlotte, for an inn at Epsom; Sir W. C. Ross the "Magpie," at Sudbury; J. F. Herring is said to have painted several; and Mr. Millais, according to the authors of this book, "painted a St. George and Dragon, with grapes round it, for the Vidler's Inn, Hayes, Kent."

Mr. Larwood and his fellow-labourer went to



THE VALIANT LONDON APPRENTICE.
(From an old chapbook, 17th cent.)

work methodically in the arrangement of their materials, which, so far as their almost infinite diversity allows, are classified under distinct headings; as signboards "Historic and Commemorative;" "Heraldic and Emblematic;" what we may call "natural history" signboards, as birds, beasts, trees, &c.; "Biblical and Religious;" signs of "Saints and Martyrs," with a multitude of others. The mass of information, of anecdote, and of biographical incident, collected together, is immense; and it seems almost a wonder that, considering what materials for book-making the subject supplies, a work of this kind has never, in anything approaching to a complete form, appeared till now. That the authors of this might have



BULL AND MOUTH.
(Angel St., St. Martin's-le-Grand, circa 1600.)

amplified its pages, they readily admit; and accordingly, they invite communications which may be added to the further stores in their possession, for any future edition of the book demanded by the public.

The general reader, as well as the antiquarian and the man of letters, will scarcely fail to find much interest in the perusal of these

records of the past; calling up, as they do, "many a picture of the olden time; many a trait of by-gone manners and customs—old shops and residents, old modes of transacting business; in short, much that is now extinct and obsolete. There is peculiar pleasure in pondering over these old houses, and picturing them to ourselves as again inhabited by the



GOAT IN BOOTS.
(Fulham Road; said to be by Morland.)

busy tenants of former years; in meeting the great names of history in the hours of relaxation, in calling up the scenes which must have often been witnessed in the haunt of the pleasure-seeker—the tavern with its noisy company, the coffee-house with its politicians



GREEN MAN AND STILL.
(Harleian Collection, 1630.)

and smart beaux; and, on the other hand, the quiet, unpretending shop of the ancient bookseller filled with the monuments of departed minds." For though houses of public entertainment form the staple of the volume, as might be



RUNNING FOOTMAN.
(Charles Street, Berkeley Square, circa 1790.)

expected, the "signs" of other tradesmen are not forgotten.

Some examples of Mr. Larwood's curious illustrations are introduced here.

VISITS TO THE PARADISE OF ARTISTS.

IX.

RAPHAEL AT ROME. THE FRESCOES OF THE VATICAN AND OF WESTMINSTER. THE IDEAL AND ARCHEOLOGICAL STYLES. RAPHAEL AND THE ANTI-RAPHAELITES, CURRENTLY STYLED THE PRE-RAPHAELITES.

THE hall in the Vatican which Raphael painted first, when at the heavenly height of his youthful imagination he "burst out into sudden blaze," may be styled the very Hall or Pavilion of *Expressive Beauty*, enshrining, as it does, the highest of that kind which any art now left us has accomplished; and hence, his later serial designs not being executed by his own hand, or fully wrought out, the paintings here, and in the room adjoining, remain by far the greatest of his finished works. Later in his brief career, he alighted into finer depths of dramatic power; and our Cartoons are as a Shakspearean advance in conceptions of character and emotion; but being only drawings for tapestries, they have not the completed Art of these frescoes. When first he came to Rome, in his twenty-sixth year, his genius was stimulated wonderfully by the greatness of the Eternal City, and the high demands upon him by Julius II., a man of gross defects, but as an æsthetic patron, entitled to by far the first place in gratitude after Pericles; since without his peculiar aspiring energy of character, our world, it is nearly certain, would have remained unenriched by the divinest powers of Michael Angelo and Raphael. In Raphael's case, it was as if the tenderest and most delicate of lyrical poets should at once shoot up to the very top of the epic heights. "Master of Expression" in mere boyhood, when he refined upon the depths of Perugino,* here he began by representing, in this chamber, in three divine great pictures, those three great sources of moral culture, Religion, Philosophy, and Poetry, each embodied in characteristic groups of figures, more winningly, humanely spiritual, majestic, and beautiful, than any hitherto portrayed for us, and (as mind should precede the fuller developments of passion and action) in deliberation and thoughtfulness first. In the 'Theology,' conceptions of heavenly things, though still in much of the old cloistral forms, are with a more genial sweetness and freedom at last plainly expanding above the monkish limits; it being Raphael's first great merit to purify the religious ideal from asceticism, and endear it to us with the outer signs of the human affections, which, no longer feared or slandered as essentially earthly, base, and corrupt, according to the dreary mediæval superstition, are represented as exalted into heavenliness, according to the true Christian principle, made manifest by the Saviour, when he left not his humanity to moulder in the grave, but raised it with him. Raphael sets before us the apotheosis of simple human naturalness. In this picture the doubts of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church are disappearing before a clear bright manifestation of the Trinity, which is seen above a heavenly zone of prophets and saints; these last being figures of touching graciousness, of a

beauty which this Evangelist of Elegance, this young Doctor of the Beautiful, had to reveal, that we might no longer with weak morbidness imagine heavenly things. The mediæval catalepsy, the Peruginesque rheumatism was cured by him. That circle of saints in varied, simply human, postures (turning to one another, nursing their knees immediately under the Divine eye!) is the most amiably heavenly conception in Art, pre-eminently fitted to inspire through the fancy a love of heavenly qualities of mind; human graces, balm to the human heart, being not there rejected, and left merely to sweeten and savour the food of Death. Below, what a subtle, animated, fervid drama of all the emotions that attend on doubt, inquiry, and rapt faith! Raphael had too much insight and truthfulness to leave out altogether the elements of bigotry and ecclesiastical tyranny; but rising to the spirit of the whole, one is tempted often to exclaim, "Oh that Theologians had ever been actuated by the gentle spirit of this painter!" Then had there been no grimly foolish anathemas, at least withering the hearts that launched them forth, whenever innocuous elsewhere, no earthly realisations of an imaginary *Inferno*, no roastings, no toastings. They are, I think, but whisper it low, lest we disturb their benign reflections, near, very near, the solution of the difficulty that makes men differ so—beginning to find that it is (between ourselves) Love!—the only truth which would enable them to apprehend the Trinity, in this wise, *thus*.

To appreciate justly such conceptions as this, and the two next works, we must, of course, look back to what had been done before—to the melancholy superstition of the preceding mediæval Ideal, production of catacombical, monkish abjectness, and ecclesiastical tyranny, devised to give man the meanest notion of his own powers and earthly condition, and the highest of everything distinctively priestly; and then Raphael shines forth as a leading joint labourer in the great Renaissance movement, with Luther, Bacon, and Shakspeare, in rescuing man from slavish starving dogmas by liberal truths before which they wither; Raphael's course, analogous to Shakspeare's, being to enlarge and brighten the imagination, especially by bringing forward the beauty and greatness of humanity, the dignity and attractiveness of its individual being, passions, and affections, systematically degraded and merged in the asceticism and church-worship of the middle ages.* Compare with this work, not only the mere dogmatic puppets of the Gaddi and Memmi (such as deform and blotch our National Collection with so much of their fancy-corrupting worthlessness), and the barbaric terrorism and morgue morality of Orcagna, but the immediately precedent, sad, seraphic, star-gazing of Francia and Perugino,—and it will sufficiently appear that, in his art, Raphael, to the very moment simultaneously with Michael Angelo, was the great liberator of the encloistered fancy, leading it, not like him to heights of awful sublimity and meditative thought, but, even more divinely, to a lovely and elevated conception of our nature in its more sensitive aspects. Melancholy, most mistaken, was even that beautiful mystical absorption of

every distinctively human faculty in the creations of the Beato Angelico, too Brahminical for Christianity, or for an intelligent nature of the various affections with which the Almighty has endowed it, suitable to the various objects of his creation, which he has declared himself as loving. Truly, Raphael, god-child of the "affable archangel," was, even here, more enlightened than Giovanni, male nun, ward of St. Dominic; and this is the *Reformation in Art*, handmaiden to that which "Brother Martin" was just then diffusing elsewhere.

And in that other serene Vision opposite, where the Philosophers of Antiquity are assembled in the ideal hall, inquiring, teaching, such beautiful philosophy, serene, indeed, as Periclean Athens! Surely, in their several ways (I used often to say when meditating among them) they are all demonstrating some high Platonic theory, as near as may be to the last of the ecclesiastical dogmas which the doctors *vis-à-vis* to them are at length on the eve of slowly finding out. A singularly gracious spirit, a young Philosopher of most sweet subtlety and power, who taught through the eye instead of through the ear, and, as Vasari says, "subjugated the soul not by Art only, but by goodness," is here inculcating especially the beauty, the majesty of modesty and gentleness in matters intellectual. The beauty of intellectual manhood, and of old age in particular, is ideally given: never, surely, in paintings were old men made so attractive before or since. But for several most comely youths in the composition to divert her from that eccentricity, I really think, and believe, that a girl of the finest sensibilities might fall in love with some of these dialecticians advanced in years—with Aristotle, than whom a more harmoniously majestic figure cannot be, or with Plato, in whom the benignant beauty of Garibaldi seems shadowed forth; a certain likeness to our military Plato, or Timoleon in a pork-pie hat (whose touch has consecrated the glove I keep for his sake), being indeed unescapeable. And as for the air pervading the whole assembly, it may be said that the painter, with very little learning, but by serene affinity of spirit, has here produced something so classical that subsequent erudition has not equalled it in that respect; yet all is thoroughly Raphaelesque.

Formerly, this was dwelt upon as the philosophical picture of philosophy, full of the finest distinctions of character; and particularly admired were such instances as the upward-pointing ideal Plato, the earthward action and reference of the physicist Aristotle, the demonstration by thumb and finger of the dialectic Socrates, and the cynical conceit of Diogenes, who, having thrust himself alone in the very midst, parades his disregard of the rest. But, now, German critics, perpetually propelled by their profundity, with Herman Grimm at their head, must needs change all this. Vasari having called some of the figures *Evangelists*! and an inscription on an old print denoting the subject as St. Paul at Athens, they will have it that not Plato stands by Aristotle, but St. Paul, and that the whole represents "the predictions of astrologers verified by the Evangelists, whose words are considered and affirmed by the Philosophers." The absence of emotion and of concentrated interest in the figures being inadequate to such a subject, a most admirable composition, whose merit is its calmness, is thus Germanised into a most flat and tame one. But first, this bringing together of the great Philosophers in defiance of chronology, though by fre-

* For instance, in Earl Dudley's 'Crucifixion,' done when he was a lad. The youthful Tobit, the finest part of "Perugino's masterpiece" in our National Gallery, is, from both external and internal evidence, almost certainly the work of his boyish assistant. A preparatory drawing for this figure, undoubtedly by Raphael, is in the Oxford Collection; and the colour and execution are more like his than Perugino's.

* Da Vinci, during many years, had laboured at one pathetic and nobly beautiful attempt of this kind (which Raphael never saw), but his constant repetition of the same "motives" throughout his few pictures indicates that, as a painter, he had extremely little invention. Fra Bartolommeo had been brightly cheerful in some of his lovely religious idylls; but no one approached Raphael in comprehensiveness, and variety, and in amazing fertility of imagination.

quent custom allowable in an ideal assemblage of characters, would in a picture of an historical event, be an unimaginable device utterly unworthy of the judgment of Raphael; and secondly, and we trust conclusively, the principal figure resembling the busts of Plato closely in its aged and calmly venerable aspect, is entirely uncharacteristic of St. Paul. Vasari's "Evangelists" are probably a mere slip of his careless pen; and it is equally likely that the old engraver preferred a religious title as something more saleable. In their metaphysical speculations, and generalities, the Germans stand at the head of criticism; but on descending to particular works, their love of ingenuity and paradox thus often supersedes the use of their eyes, and carries them away wonderfully.

This mild youth Raphael was at once called "the philosophical painter;" and indeed his ideal of philosophic virtue, serene, refined, and gracious, is so touching, that on the spot one wishes it photographed in every philosopher's study, instead of thus confined in one shadowy room of remote brief access, with a pope and cardinals for non-circulating media. Why, to contemplate these benignant and venerable figures might be a lesson to our periodical cynics, to the weekly Journal of Superciliousness itself, which has certainly soured somewhat the very name of the sixth day, as well as to acrid essayists less fugitive. Touched by their courteous dignity, softened, civilised by the beautiful example, they would perhaps perceive something unbecoming in caprices of severity, something better than a habit of dreary superciliousness, breaking poor flies on wheels laboriously, homaging assured success, indeed, with gracious laxity; but whenever ebbing in the accustomed vein, sneering, with a trivial prolixity, without energy, or wit, or care, to remedy anything. Others we have heard of (Philosophers who leave out of their calculations nothing but the human heart and soul), who have the will to set everything to rights, and are thought by many to have the intellectual power, and yet do express contempt, and a kind of constitutional dislike for Raphael. But the ungenial cold hardness of their minds generally, explains that their repugnance arises from deficiencies not in him, but in themselves; and a dreary incompleteness may be apprehended in the moral systems of scientific theorists on whom the humanities and graces of Raphael's pencil can produce no effect. No doubt, these in the sweetly great graphic moralist, represent the very virtues, the absence of which in the intellectual department of themselves will cause very many of their speculations ultimately to fail, as falling short of the higher requirements of the human heart and soul.

In the third picture, the 'Parnassus,' female loveliness, for the first time since her antique goddess-ship, is coming fully forth from the rosy indistinctness of poets' fancies, to abound in the eye with delightful perspicuity. The Muses listening to Apollo are brought to a pause of deep creative feeling; and around, in a heaven of green banks and laureate groves, the poets are gathered; these—the blind old Homer rhapsodising above on the far-seeing epic height, the refined Virgil, the genial Boccaccio, the poets in the lyrical vale below, and others—being all distinguished with the painter's usual fine intellectual ingenuity. The Sappho struck me as a singularly happy conception of character—the ideal of a "strong-minded woman" of the poetical cast, actually! in an attitude which, though graceful, is full of will, self-

assertion, and triumphs, her boddice braced finely, energetically awry; and her hair dressed up fantastically, in a taste oddly beautiful, therefore proper to poetesses. The fiery, haughty South Carolina (if only she had been successful), might something thus have been personified, and indeed the other Carolina, and Virginia, and Georgia, and Miss-Ourie and Missis-Sippi, heroic ladies all, whom the very victors would now with fraternal pride generously enlaurel, to comfort their sad Un-Sapphic silence. The new order of loveliness brought forward in this picture is somewhat large and happily rounded, but full of refinement and exquisite sentiment. Beauty is at length un-nursed, smoothed out, and brightened with fresh Parnassian air, and pure Petrarchian love. "Grecian in eye, but Christian in heart," as some German critic or other has felicitously said, Raphael has infused into these countenances a pure warm tenderness not in our antique remains; and, indeed, without disparaging the fine pensive Praxitelean spirituality which we reverence so, there is, of course, an awakening of the soul, a brightness of faith, hope, and charity, kindled in the countenance by Christianity, not fairly to be looked for in Hellenic productions; and it was for Raphael to unite these with something not far from an antique beauty.

There is, doubtless, feeble drawing in the picture; this youngster of seven and twenty not having conquered every difficulty. Nevertheless, the youthful with gifts for painting, or verse, should sit at the foot of this 'Parnassus;' since it embodies those best principles suitable to both, of late too little regarded amongst us. Our very Laureate, I venture to advance, might here derive a lesson. For here is no mosaic of imagery, or thoughts, which cannot naturally be entertained by the feeling at the same moment, such as is frequent in his highly concrete verses; where, for instance, the most curiously laboured touches of landscape description are subsequently dove-tailed, and embroidered into passages having for their subject moments of the most pathetic, all-absorbing passion; such combinations, surely, being heterogeneous, cold, unimaginative. No curious infelicities (such as with a merely graphic sharpness and oddity deform the Tennysonian verses, frequently) are here, in Raphael's graphic poetry; no minute excursions in quest of a trivial intensity, an ugly brilliancy to prevent flatness. All is homogeneously natural, with nothing of irrelevant littleness and harshness, to draw down the mind from the high purpose of the work, and jar away, even like a sharp little disenchanting noise, the smooth, broad, simple, harmony meet for the visionary tone.* The ignoring of the essentials of Raphael's style, with some most superficial likeness to it, is perhaps best seen in the works of Cornelius, Kaulbach, and other Germans like them, where the imaginary assemblages of figures, and aim at dignified composition, are plainly learnt from these frescoes, yet do little more than exemplify lofty intentions (in which

inability may be equally strong), rendered abortive by turgidity, and a thoroughly bad style of Art. The gracious soul, the sense of beauty, and of humanity, are wanting in these Germans; who, countrymen of Mozart and Beethoven though they be, have no sweet touching music in their Art, strange to say. All the while, their rigid lines, sharp insurrectionary details, frozen draperies, and other forms are unconsciously Dureresque rather than Raphaelish; their expressions phantasmal and frigid; their virtues being, like their vestures, congelated, and their vices zoological rather than human, often, indeed, definitively feline, in mane, in eye, and whisker. Nothing in Art is more discordant, more delusive, than Michael Angelo and Raphael thus Munichised. Yet, in due honour of the Fatherland, let it not be withheld that now that true Raphaelite, Knaus, is, in all meritorious respects, an æsthetic Count Bismarck, and such a picture as his 'Funeral in the Forest,' an Art-victory worthy of compare with the Battle of Sadowa.

In these frescoes, and in the simpler but most lovely one in the same chamber, of 'Jurisprudence,' it may be said that Raphael ranks high among those who have brightened the mind. Comparing them with what had been done before, one enters into the immediate astonishment they excited, comprehending Vasari's eulogy that "they who create such works are a kind of mortal gods;" for a new and higher order of beings is conceived, a more exalted type of humanity for our emulation and desire—one of the greatest achievements of pure imagination. A diviner beauty is unfolded, answerable to an enlightened Christianity, a healthier goodness beams persuasively through our eyes; and not slight its charm in instilling a love of whatsoever is noble, refined, and gracious. The best artists of the excellent new schools of France and Germany have been worthily and profitably impressed by it. But our English Art, oscillating between insipid commonplace and morbid phantasy, and seeming to forget that there is such a thing as *Style* (that most essential requisite) regards it not. We have among us scarcely a painter but is so satisfied with himself (or with his income) as to slight with supreme indifference every allusion to Raphael's example, and a public so indoctrinated, that the highest beauty of nature, and of the heart and mind, seems little more to them than an idle truthless dream.

And throughout these four divine pictures what fertile happiness of invention—a quality, by-the-bye, rarely remembered by our recent æsthetes in their criticisms. In assemblages of figures thus only thinking, conversing, monotony might be looked for. But Raphael has so varied the groups with incident, character, and expressive action, that nothing could be more diversified; his invention (easy to him as breathing) being shown beautifully, down to every detail—in draperies remarkably; though we English (who now have only haberdashers' taste with respect to raiment) may seldom see anything in them. And every fold and form is a constituent beauty in the whole composition, not without much injury to be displaced by mere antiquarian forms; for what is archaeologically homogeneous would, very likely (as we so frequently see in our own pictures), be artistically most heterogeneous. In universality of invention Raphael is alone; but two other painters having the gift to an extent that admits of a moment's comparison—Michael Angelo and Rubens;

* The jargon which our young versifiers now concoct in their "poetical studies," is well exemplified in the passages extracted with high praise in the *Saturday Review* for August 18th, last, "On Philoctetes," by M. A. Such imagery and diction, those neither of gods nor men, are simply those of a dainty young scholar fed too highly on the intellectual fopperies of the hour—a puzzle of images, a metrical Pyrotechny, flickering with the sharp points and angles of incoherent things. Extremes and dreags are given, with a morbid intensity, in a language often nauseous with affectation. As different this from the broad deep manly view, and genuine passion of our forefather Poets, as our similar paintings are from the 'Parnassus.' Is Mr. Swinburne's "Cleopatra," in the *Cornhill* for September last, a quiz on the new style, or a most monstrous specimen of it, meant seriously?

after whom would come one or two Englishmen we could name. Looking over a collection of old Italian prints, or Majolica ware, and meeting, for the first time, with any design charming for spirited expression, in attitudes and groups, naïve, picturesque, and beautiful, you may be pretty sure that it is Raphael's. No rudeness in his copyist can altogether conceal him, or deprive his work of vital value.

The Pavilion of the Beautiful—its merely Papal name being *La Camera della Segnatura*—has a matchlessly beautiful ceiling, a memorial of Raphael's considerate feeling also. To make room for his works, Julius II. would have swept away all that the other artists had begun here; but Raphael preserved these compartments of Razzi's (a painter of fine sensibilities, whose hand he should have retained, too, as his chief assistant), for a framework to his own loveliest impersonations; a fair 'Justice' to whom one would most hopefully commit one's cause, preferring, certainly, that there should be no jury. She waves away her sword, it must be, gracefully acquitting; she is, very Raphaellesquely, tempered with mercy; a fascinating 'Theology,' at whose feet mere Levity would hardly tire of sitting; a 'Philosophy' equally soft and bewitching; a 'Poetry' whose spirited wingedness promises ethereal flights. These are probably the most exquisite idealisms of womanhood ever limned; and none of them have any messengers, or ministers, but child Loves. Yet amidst all these gentle aspirations of a youthful mind in its spring-time teeming with thoughts of beauty (and of a profundity, by-the-bye, too delicate for our recent æsthetic), there is one picture, the earliest deep indication of that tragical power in which he so soon became matchless abundantly—the 'Judgment of Solomon,' the most sagacious and grandly simple version of the subject. Capitally conceived is the insolence with which the excited mother stares at the king, as she rushes forward to stay the executioner's hand; her convulsed features visibly saying, "Wretch, you countenance this!" Maternal instinct rages above customary awe; the king, meanwhile, quietly with his watchful hand saying, "Ah ha! I knew how it would be." Nor less admirable is the excited swelling acquiescence of the pretended mother. The anatomical ambition in the executioner's figure is emphatically Michael Angelical. By this time, Bramante had stolen for Raphael's ardently-acquisitive mind a glimpse at the marvellous paintings of that reserved and solitary man then at work in the chapel only two or three walls away. And thence, by those infant Loves on whom the Creator is pleased to lean himself when moving through the air, was Raphael inspired to endue his little children on this ceiling, and likewise their lovely Patronesses, with something of a celestial strength and power, though they are his own true offspring, not the less; since he appropriates, not mere form, but inmost spirit, that vitalising germ which kindred genius alone can seize.

In the second Hall, Raphael's frescoes represent the Divine protection of the Church from dangers within and without; and here this most progressive and comprehensive of graphic geniuses proceeds to express at large action and passion, clearest perceptions of the actual life around him, glimpses romantic in the nice sense of the term, beautiful glow and intensity of colour, and even poetical effects of light and shade, indicating an advance to limitless powers, which, alas, needed only—only a life long as Methuselah's, with health and strength,

for their due unfolding. In the 'Miracle of Bolsena,' a representation of a Romish ecclesiastical scene, besides the emotions incident to a miracle, the very physiognomy of the Roman Catholic ceremonial devotion, in its best aspect, is given with finest truthfulness; pretty nearly you smell incense as you gaze. And there are portraits of ecclesiastics and court officials, Italian prelates and German guards (the two lovers of the world in those days), which would have done new honour to Titian, painted, too, in deep rubious transparent tones which anticipate the Venetians very singularly; since they did not attain this kind of excellence till about a dozen years afterwards. And here they are in union with a lovely gracefulness, and tenderness, and dramatic life, incomparably beyond anything of Venice. In the picture opposite, the 'St. Peter liberated by the Angel,' the dreamy awe of the sentinels on their moonlight watch is something Shakspearean in its imaginativeness, worthy of compare with the haunted platform of Elsinore. One soldier points with subdued wonder at that strange golden radiance within the prison bars; another thinks himself still in his dream, a third shrinks reverently, with a beautiful natural grace. And besides those sweet seraphic scintillations, glimpses of moonlight and torchlight are really well rendered in this night-piece, the first great attempt of the kind, moreover, and anticipating much of that peculiar excellence which made Correggio's 'Notte' so famous, and for its originality, especially. But where in the soft idyllic Correggio shall we find such deep and noble dramatic touches as abound here?

In this second Hall is likewise the 'Heliodorus,' Raphael's first great attempt at violent action, in which the group of mysterious spirits hunting down the sacrilegious thief is a masterpiece of light swift movement, with very much of the virtue of the thunderbolt in it, yet expressed with consummate beauty of composition and design; just as the poet rounds off some fierce and wild tumult in most orderly harmonious verse, without losing one jot of freshness and vigour; or as a Mozart would melodise it, in some most grand *finale*. The crowd of alarmed ladies, graceful, handsome, and full of speaking life as they are,* may perhaps be somewhat too artificially ornate for such a crisis, when the mind would be hurried along by the main event; and the chaired Pope Julius, brought in "by desire" to calmly review the miraculous incident, notwithstanding his profundity as an *idea*, as an *object*, lessens the reality of the rest. Extreme complacency in beauty, that last infirmity in youthful poets (would that our young painters' infirmities were of such a kind), perhaps here seduces this one into an elaborated elegance, which fascinates the eye too much from the swift terrors opposite. Yet as a magnificent picture of action and tragic emotions (coloured, too, with a depth and richness unrivalled in fresco), the 'Heliodorus' was a vast flight forward in Art, and must have taken away the breath of the shrimpish other painters when first they beheld it, making all previous attempts of the kind seem cramped and poor indeed.

The 'Conflagration at Borgo' is the last

* Fuseli says that Raphael in the most gracefully averted cheek of one of these ladies, has suggested more beauty than he could have directly shown. But both Barry and Fuseli, though full of admiration of his supreme dramatic genius, strangely deny that he excelled exquisitely in beauty. The judgment explains their own failure; their turgid minds being deficient in that sense which alone can make ideal beings deeply interesting to us, by elevating them into beautiful representations of human beings.

of these works to which his own execution and distinguishing graces give in the highest degree an interest purely Raphaellesque. The three earliest frescoes are not without defects in difficult parts of the drawing; but here, attaining his highest mastery in that respect, he makes an elaborate and noble display of the undraped form; the more gently rounded style, however, being something quite distinct from the unrivalled power and grandeur of Michael Angelo. Those women all ruffled by the wind, bearing water-vessels, driving forth their children (with boxed ears), and teaching them to implore the pope to stay the fire, are superb ensamples of womankind, worthy to be run off with to a new colony, by noblest heroes, under stimulating difficulties. Profuse vermillion, people in masses swayed more vehemently, would more have spread the heat of this conflagration through our fancies; but this greatest painter of humanity is here thinking more of magnificent men and women (bent on improving the imperfect types of his art), and of varieties of human emotions delicately, nobly distinguished, and therefore has, characteristically, and from his point of view we think finely, omitted the glare itself. To him the truths of beauty were as sacred as the truths of expression; and it may be that, in these two pictures, the former somewhat weaken the latter. But elsewhere, he was, in our Cartoons, at the same time (now entering the mid-life of the intellect), proceeding to that purely dramatic treatment, in which beauty is more sternly subordinated. Of the corresponding period in the progress of the poet of whom Raphael is the only parallel amongst painters, Coleridge says, "the period of beauty is now passed, and that of insight and grandeur succeeds;" and our graphic Shakspeare lived to exemplify the two periods, in the 'Heliodorus,' and in the 'Ananias.'

Of the later frescoes, the 'Attila' less interests, partly from the subject; but that vast battle-piece of Constantine and Maxentius is not only a prodigy of invention, but the most humane and noble of battle-pieces, through which the spirit of the "affable Archangel's" godson moves, pausing with sympathy on whatsoever is generously devoted. The last of these works in which his own hand is traceable, 'Charlemagne crowned by Leo III.,' abounds with his charming lively grace of invention; but it is curious to see the continuance of his work in decorating these halls when he was no more—what the scholars could do when the master was gone. Here and there is a group, obviously of his design, spoilt by coarse painting; and a poor mimicry of him is traceable frequently. But, in the main, what crowds of fantastical unmeaning figures, what vapid ostentation of design, what academical exuberance of nothing! A monument to his genius is all this helplessness without him. His chief disciples, Pippi and Penni, seem to have had as little cognizance of his true spirit as Miss Power Cobbe herself.

The prints often give a poor, wholly erroneous notion of the heads painted by Raphael himself. Their life-like individuality, coming from the "ideal Raphael," would surprise those who know not that his portraits in the Pitti Palace at

* Mr. Wornum (Notes on Barry's Lectures) says that these figures are in the style of Michael Angelo, but that the fresco was not executed by Raphael, and is among his inferior productions. Certainly nothing can be more different from the style of Michael Angelo than these figures; they are very finely painted, and chiefly by his own hand, I doubt not.

Florence throw some of the finest of Titian's into the shade.* In the silent and solitary halls, these speaking faces of Raphael's grow on you into realities—as if their emotions would change, according to the fluctuations of a living nature within. The execution of the finer works is matchless, of course. Of course, too, Beauty is here, clear and light of form, neither cramped, like our odious distempered purism, nor rapidly relaxed and slurred, like the prettiness of our Book of Beautyish painters, modish Vandals as they are (ignorant of the sanctity of fine lines subtly sustained); neither limited is it, in the vulgar way, to girls' forms and faces, but traceable in every thing, as the finer style of nature, and the natural language of the painter's mind. But as his task expanded, he had to call in other hands, nay (since life is short), to paint hastily himself; and so there is, inevitably, some *diminuendo* of delicacy and beauty in these pictures; his pleasing golden-russet tones of colour, and matchless refinement of drawing, giving way frequently to a coarseness of style, which, from the evidence of contemporary work unquestionably by his own hand, cannot be ascribed wholly to his assistants.

Yet had his conceptions altogether languished, the decline would not have seemed strange, on lingering in those chilly halls where he spent so many of his few days. Disinterring his remains some years back, they found such a skull as phrenologists well-nigh worship, with but a slight framework for the rest of his so evanescent mortal composition; the bones of his right arm being larger than those of the other, no doubt from dragging the brush so much in these great big frescoes. And besides those bad habits of swift production, the society of Rome cannot then have been favourable to spirituality of imagination. Of the very little known of his life, one passage accounts something for the much closing of Raphael's ethereal wing during his later years. "He permitted himself," Vasari says, "to be devoted somewhat too much to the pleasures of life, in this led away by his admirers." To which unfavourable tendencies (of a social nature, we affirm, since a liberal mood may surely at length dogmatise a little as well as an austere one) my own most uncomfortable experience urges me to add the irritating, life-wearing climate of Rome, where he exhausted his last twelve years with little intermission. And, no doubt, the same cause, co-operating with Aretino and others on Michael Angelo's temper, tended much to begloom away those heavenlier graces of his prime, whose lapse is never to be thought of without the profoundest æsthetic regrets. Ay, depend upon it, Sirocco has very much to answer for among the causes of the fallings off, perturbations, and backslidings of which Rome has been pre-eminently the scene—has had a good deal to do even with the eccentric wickednesses, democratic, aristocratic, imperial, and papal—Marian, Syllatic, Neronian, and Borgian, for which it is so immortally famous.

These great frescoes were not always accessible; but in the arching of the loggia outside is a numerous series of small paintings designed by Raphael, which were never shut up; and often they beguiled the time when we waited for further admittance, forming in their long perspective overhead, with their setting of gay grotesques, imitated from those of Nero's

* They are not quite so fine in colour, but in drawing are much finer, in each more detailed, more exquisite articulation of the features, giving some more delicate indication of intellectual and moral character.

palace on the Esquiline, and the pontifical courts beneath, and an horizon of the city beyond, a scene most highly, centrally Roman. These subjects from the Bible are in design most imaginative and poetical, but executed on so small a scale by other hands, and placed in so merely ornamental a position amidst the festive Pompeii-like arabesques, as not to impress the sublimity and profoundest beauty in them sufficiently. Had days numerous as his thoughts permitted Raphael to paint these designs himself, in large, Michael Angelo's series, though still unapproached in their profoundly thoughtful sublimity, would, on the whole, have probably been rivalled by a dramatic greatness, and a sweet patriarchal poetry, and picturesque loveliness peculiarly Raphael's own. As "motives" and compositions, they are happiest inspirations of invention, not consisting of commonplace elements *reasoned* together, but of *visions* unsought, of a beauty strangely in harmony with our conceptions, and of an expressiveness universal as well as particularly relevant. Yet in their small execution by other hands, do they seem great things dwarfed, or rather an order of lovely little creatures (some pure Pygmean race), enacting the events of the Bible, doing the action magnificently, but wanting stature, and the great features, needful for the perfection of their business.

Raphael's greatness in expressive action in infinite variety, impressing with matchless native grace and picturesqueness the nicest shades of thought, feeling, and purpose, is here such, that you begin to think that his greatest merit. Here is, indeed, an æsthetic Bible (reverently be it said), a well-drawn copy of which should be with every family desirous of a fine civilisation, to protect it from vicious idolatries, golden calves, of taste. What a wonderful idea that seems to me of Mr. Ruskin's in his last reference to Raphael in "Modern Painters," that he is a Technical Designer, rather than an Imaginative one, such as he considers his favourite great Venetians to be—an idea supported by another highly remarkable conception, namely, that the imaginative painter, seeing all his subject at once (in actual vision), never alters his design; the inference being, that as Raphael does so alter, he is a technical composer, inclining in principles to the mechanical. But this is, plainly, to dispense with judgment, and with Art itself, in composition; and we believe it might be just as well affirmed that Shakspeare saw the play of Othello, with all its subordinate

* This is one of the eminent author's favourite leading dogmas, to which he frequently, and finally, recurs. "No painting is of any true imaginative perfectness," he writes, "unless all is absolutely, to every line, composed at once." "The whole picture must be imagined, or none of it is." We submit that there is no foundation for this. Surely, one part of a subject may be admirably imagined, and not another, according to a peculiar bias of the painter's mind, or limited range of his powers. It does not necessarily follow that imagination must be complete, and universal, at all, far less complete at once. The fallacy seems to originate in assuming a "perfectness," and "absolute rightness," to characterise the works of these so-styled greater men, which being also assumed to be "composed, down to every line, at once," intelligibly, leads to the third assumption, that "perfectness" is instantaneous always. But the premises are as fallacious as the inference. Even in these "greater men," that "perfectness," and "unerring rightness," are not. Veronese, for instance, utterly delightful in his way, is one of those artists for whom one has nearly always to make the largest allowances. Of imagination in the higher sense he has none—never created a single scriptural character; his utmost being to put the best of his Venetians *en rôle* in his magnificent *tableaux vivans* from Holy Writ; and his composition is often so weakly formal (with its side-scenical wings of living figures stuck together, &c.), that if really of simultaneous conception, all one can say is, it might have been better for revision—still better could he have submitted it to the correction and aid of an infinitely more imaginative and accomplished Raphael. Titian often betrays poverty of invention; and with a few exceptions, his compositions are technical and merely picturesque, as distinguished from imaginative.

characters, incidents, and sentiments complete at the first conception, beyond all need of future amendment or alteration. If Raphael indeed alters more than others, it is probably, not only because he is more solicitous for artistic beauty of composition (which he certainly attains), but because he was gifted with an invention more active and fertile in expedients. Certainly, in imagination the Venetians are a mere nothing compared with him; and the preference for them arises, to all appearance, from languor of interest (whether temporary or not), in those infinitely varied high matters in which his great dramatic genius was inspired. In "Modern Painters" the great historical painters are considered; first, as themes for religious disquisitions, in which objects are freely, arbitrarily, coloured by the peculiar temperament of the author, and secondly, with regard only to treatment of accessories and details; those distinctively human emotions which may be termed especially Shakspearean and Raphaëlesque being omitted from the account and estimate.

Subject for an instructive paper on historical painting would be a comparison between these frescoes of the Vatican and those of Westminster, viz., a comparison between the Ideal Style and that Archæological Mode of late uppermost with us in England. Uppermost, indeed, has it been so imperiously that Ideality has actually been confounded with idle fiction, and even with intentional falsehood; and nothing would do but that historical events of past ages should be represented, as far as possible, with literal accuracy, as they actually occurred. For which plausible purpose, in the ever well-sounding name of Truth, ever so many of the ologies are in requisition, geology, ethnology, archæology, &c. &c., till, by dint of the erudite compilation, we can look with a strong-minded faith on the result, as the closest attainable approximation to verity, based on the profoundest hypothetical circumstantial evidence—and do what?—make it available for all the purposes of the miscellaneous lecturer.

Yet a mind more old-fashioned will object, not the less, that our imaginations should, in any degree, be pinned down, restricted, and governed by these antiquarian curiosities and mere scientific dogmas—counterfeits, simulations, holding them to be, which claim an authority over our conceptions they are not entitled to, being fallaciously hypothetical, after all, representative, to a certain most superficial degree, of the times and localities of the subject chosen, but, as likely as not, the very reverse of the actual appearance of the particular persons and incidents. Imagination (here in all deeper essentials our sole resource), when strong enough, will surely ever keep within her proper limits. Disdaining to impose an illusory pretence of matter-of-fact reality, she concerns herself deeply only with those abstractions from unchanging nature, which, unlimited by fleeting customs and local peculiarities, come home to hearts and fancies everywhere, and always. As the Philosopher and man of Science from many facts and reflections generalise into a truth, so will the Imaginative Painter, composing, creating, great Types of Nature for our delightful instruction, our warning, love, and reverence. Imagination, rapt in the deeper spirit of things, the immortal, the ever-recurring, cares little (in the words of Michael Angelo's Sonnet) "for aught which doth on time depend," cares not to disinter the obsolete, is but a poor antiquarian. Very much is she her own tailor, or cos-

lunatic. Nay, even of the great sciences themselves she entertains a well-grounded jealousy, feeling that properly she is their pioneer, snatching at things beyond them in her free, far-darting, impassioned way, and perceiving those finer qualities which are above sights made short by rigorous analysis, and close dissections. Working from sources deep in the heart up to shapes high in the fancy arrayed in majesty and beauty, she conceives not her offspring tricked out in strange uncouth costumes and accessories, and certainly would not frounce them up in such afterwards; since so would she not only barbarise and uglify them, but the strangeness of these quaint additions would so enchain the observer's attention as to interfere with his consideration of the more essential and vital character of what is represented. They would, for instance, in a sacred subject, whose value lies in its universal application, fill him with things trivially local, obtruding, foremost perhaps, that of which no right-thoughted man would endure to feel conscious at a moment for deep awe, pity, or tenderness; so in their narrow care for the letter, offending against the spirit, in a servile devotion to physical facts, violating truth of mental impression, and subordinating, smothering up, in their scientific and mechanic littlenesses, the moral and intellectual objects of the great holy theme.

For example, all that imagination would disregard is assiduously brought forward in Mr. Herbert's parliamentary picture of 'Moses with the Tables of the Law,' a work hailed with complacency by those who glanced, superciliously, at Raphael's Cartoons. *Prima facie*, it is a picture of the sandy barrenness of the East, the most conspicuous parts being a representation of the desert heights of Sinai, than which, in form and colour, few landscapes in Nature are more sterile of picturesque interest or value. Next engages the attention a number of meagre figures, of a low type, attired in barbaric costumes, with little in aspect, or character, to distinguish them from the ordinary desert tribes of the present day, little indeed to lead back the mind to venerable sacred antiquity, and satisfy those high longings of the imagination which the sacred narrative makes flutter and wave their wings. The men seem mere modern barbarians, in mere common wonder; nay, the women are in a poor meagre style of the Book of Beauty, not even ethnological; and the whole is so made up of travellers' and antiquarians' gatherings, ugly arid mountain formations, and outlandish shawls, turbans, &c. &c., theatrically arranged, as to look excessively like a *tableau vivant*; and you almost expect the gently stealing music, and the falling of the curtain which is to relieve those breathless actors from their painful constraint. Notwithstanding the spareness of the forms and masses, the grouping is pretty good; and the atmospheric light is rendered very skilfully; but of that higher spiritual illumination with which an imaginative painter would have raised the mind far above all local considerations in the universal and timeless import of the theme, comparatively little thought seems to have been taken.

To this perfect example of our boasted new archaeological style, the antithesis in Art-principles is one of Raphael's Cartoons, masterpieces (so far as they are carried out, of course) of the ideal style, which in a subject in all deep essentials referable to imagination alone, does not attempt simulation of actual verity by dint of archaeological gleanings (probably full of mistakes,

after all); but is, of course, tenfold more real by the ideal force of grand character, passion, and action. Journeying in the Holy Land of his imagination, rather than to the mere earthly Jerusalem, where Messrs. Herbert and Holman Hunt went, we cannot help thinking but to little purpose in search of local facts and characteristics, Raphael worked on precisely the same principles as Shakspeare. For everything analogous to the objects of those gentlemen's research that literary Raphael disregarded in just the same degree, recking little of fugitive customs and habits designedly (unless they were beautiful, grand, or poetically characteristic), that he might draw us from the fleeting, the trivial, to that which has immortal significance and value, and enrich us with types of immutable humanity for everlasting, instructive delight. Such, precisely, is this graphic Shakspeare, his prime object the passions, sentiments, and movements of human beings, in such high and deep relations that any accretion of finical barbarisms would but lower the whole with a most rude disharmony. The result sets before our imaginations a high standard of humanity for our loving emulation. Will a knowledge of syenite rocks, and of Jewish costumes and features (even when represented accurately), accomplish anything of this order?

Exceedingly, I wish that at South Kensington they could hang Mr. Holman Hunt's picture of 'Christ with the Doctors' beside Raphael's 'Healing the Sick,' or 'Paul Preaching.' For the simple juxtaposition would surely put the whole question to rest, demonstrating in the objects in Art which interest nowadays, an unfelt immensity of decline from the heart-deep to the superficially trivial, from touching exemplars of exalted humanity to apparent portraiture of Jewish slop-sellers, and rhubarb merchants, and "faithful and conscientious study" of the gleanings of Oriental curiosity shops. But the opposition (worthy of compare with that between the portraits of Hamlet's papa and uncle), might, furthermore, lead to a perception of the very elements of true Art, by confronting Raphael with the Anti-Raphaelite, (so presumptuously and absurdly self-styled Pre-Raphaelite),* thus making obvious those lapses from fundamental truth in the latter manner, which have been so morally, scientifically, eloquently, overlooked. Then, observers without much perspicacity could scarcely fail to perceive the want of chiaroscuro in the Anti-Raphaelite work, the lack of the modification of colour by shadow, resulting in a painful glare,—and in the eye-pricking, eye-troubling minuteness everywhere, a departure from the generalising simplicity, not only of Art, but of the effects of Nature itself. And—which goes to the root of the whole matter of vitality, mobility, of healthiness, beauty, sweetness, and consequently of sound humanity of expression,—they would discover the difference between the drawing of Raphael, and a drawing so falsely rigid, so devoid of fine modulation and emphasis, as to be incompatible with the higher requisites, and a niggling and overpainting of the faces till they acquire a mask-like inflexibility, a not Un-Toussseau-

* The contrast between the real Pre-Raphaelites and our titular ones is almost perfect. Perugino, Francia, and Fra Bartolommeo were distinguished by a graceful idealism, a beautiful form of devotional tenderness and pathos, extreme elegance of taste, and a most broad and simple manner; our Anti-Raphaelites being astonishingly the reverse of all these things.

like stare. On such elementary differences a learner cannot dwell too nicely; for they cannot but lead him to the most needful discovery that our admired "Lights of the World" are mere phosphorescence, an *ignis-fatuitus*, which could glisten only in a midnight of aesthetic darkness.*

The author of "Modern Painters" (who omits Michael Angelo and Raphael in his final disquisitions on the religious history of Art) alludes to this, and another of Mr. Hunt's works 'Claudio and Isabella,' as the finest instances of "expressional purpose" in the art. The term "purpose" much weakens this encomium; since here we have to do, not with purposes, but achievements; the *Hades* of Art, no less than the general *Hades*, being paved with good intentions, much with amiable, pious purposes, no doubt, which, unfortunately, have in them nothing incompatible with false or imbecile painting; for though Faith may move mountains, it is not said that she will be able to paint them. After much consideration of the picture, I am unable to doubt that the Saviour's head in the 'Light of the World' is cold, expressionless, and not far removed from vulgarity; the features being clumsily drawn, with nothing of that fineness of form essential to depth and elevation of character. Mr. Hunt's Claudio rebuked by his sister, the other object of transcendent praise, is a hideous awkward lout. Shakspeare having made him one of refined thoughtful discourse, who alludes to his much modified trespass with periphrasis of extreme delicacy, and deprecates its eternal penalty in the sublimest poetry, Mr. Hunt, in mere harmony of conception, should, surely, not have denied him some little tincture of the personal graces. We may be gravely reminded that "sin is so ugly." But setting aside the obvious fact that personally she is only too much the contrary, the identification of sin with ugliness is a little hard on poor plain people; and, moreover, if Sin be ugly, Virtue should, for parity of pictorial edification, be made beautiful, certainly; whereas Mr. Hunt's cold, hard, goggle-eyed Isabella is but an ugly combination of features commonly considered beautiful, made ugly by exaggeration and feelingless coarseness of line. But with beauty Mr. Hunt's heavy badly-mannered drawing is simply incompatible.

By comparisons such as these might we rise to the elements of something vitally valuable, something beautifully, nobly human. From patterns of shawls and oriental trellises (and of the harness of foreign donkeys and mules, elsewhere), we might ascend, for instance, to patterns of noses, mouths, and eyebrows; the varied arches of the twolatter being, pre-eminently, in all their exquisite varieties of curve and emphasis, the triumphal arches of expression, under which alone we can proceed up the Parnassian Hill to the seat of the unnamed tenth Muse—the Muse of Painting.

W. P. BAYLEY.

* It is disagreeable to say these things; but the corruption of Art, and of our imaginations in sacred things, is no slight matter; and without clear distinctions between Raphael and Anti-Raphaelism there is no advance for us. And where artists are so enormously encouraged in their particular course, by wealth, they can well afford to disregard the poor remains of taste. For the first named of these two pictures (a small one), the painter received somewhere about 5,000 guineas; and by the other, the somewhat larger one, he made £10,000 in one year. So supremely grateful and flattering to the general English mind is the matter-of-fact treatment of a religious subject; whether that subject is lowered into a mere curiosity, or the mind raised to it, being, of late, little considered.

AN EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL.

EVERY art is an index to the taste and mental culture of the nation among whom it is practised. It matters little how insignificant in itself the work may be, its form and the character of its ornamentation aid in determining the artistic status of its producers; and thus we see in an ordinary clay water-bottle of the old Greeks as sure evidence of refined taste as in their noble masterpieces of sculpture and architecture. All students of numismatics know how to estimate the Art of a people by the coins and medals struck by them at different epochs of time; these serve not only as valuable records of history, but often as the only available examples which have come down to us whereby we can form some idea of the position Art of a certain kind had assumed. One has but to



examine the numismatic collection in the British Museum to see how the character of the different specimens varies, and the degree of beauty or coarseness which they manifest; all this is as apparent to a cultivated eye as would be a gallery of pictures ranging from the dawn to the meridian of the art of painting.

Our readers have been made cognizant of the fact that a very successful Exhibition of Industrial and Fine Art was recently held at Wisbech. The Council of Management, desirous that the medal intended for a prize to successful exhibitors, should differ from the ordinary kind of such works, placed the matter in the hands of Messrs. Hardman & Co., of Birmingham, both for design and execution. This eminent firm is well known for its mediæval works in metal, and it could, therefore, only be expected that any design emanating from the



house would be of mediæval character, in contradistinction to the classical type, with its semi-draped or quite nude figures, its cornucopias, &c., &c. After due consultation with the Council, the work took the form in which it appears in this column: the obverse requires a little explanation. The parish church of Wisbech is dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul; it was, therefore, not altogether an inappropriate idea to introduce the emblems of the apostles into the design; connecting in this way the medal with the town that originated it. Thus we have the keys of St. Peter and the sword of St. Paul forming the principal features of the design, with other appropriate ornamentation uniting and surrounding them.

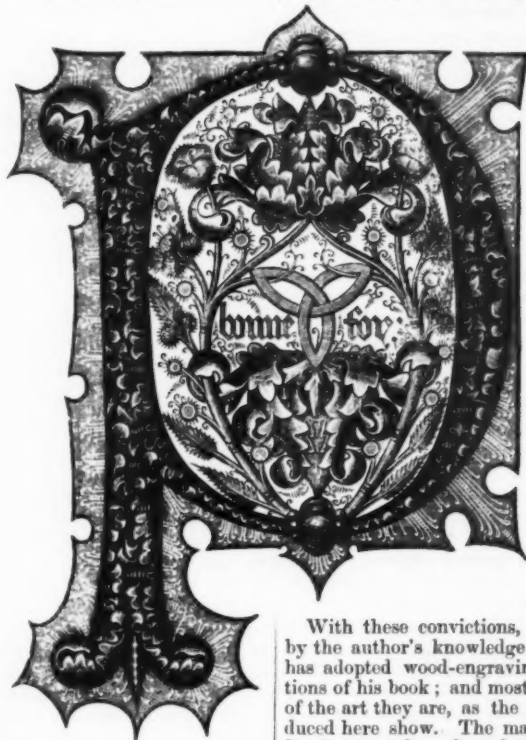
We commend the taste which has led to the production of this medal—it is in bronze—and the skill that Messrs. Hardman & Co. have shown in its execution.

MEDIÆVAL ILLUMINATIONS.*

MR. SHAW has long established himself as an authority on a peculiar and most beautiful department of the Arts of the Middle Ages. To him, Mr. M. Digby Wyatt, Mr. Owen Jones, and Mr. Noel Humphreys, must be ascribed the merit of making us fully acquainted with the decorative and ornamental arts as practised in the far-off days of old, and of reviving their practice in this country. Under the guidance of these artists, or through the lessons their works have taught us, not a few edifices, both public and private, and some portion of our illustrated literature, have assumed an appearance whereof the generation before us knew little or nothing. And if it be a vain hope to look for a new style of Art, we ought to be greatly indebted to those who resuscitate a dead one, more especially if it be worthy of a new life,—an Art which by its delicacy, grace, and splendour commends itself to the judgment and taste of every educated mind.

The art of illuminating has now got a strong foothold among us, as is evidenced not alone by the numerous publications in which it is found merely as a form of illustration, but in books

that treat the subject scientifically, or as modes of instruction. In some degree Mr. Shaw's "Handbook" is associated with the latter class; it would altogether belong to it, but that the examples introduced lack the "light" of colour, a necessary ingredient in illumination, though not in design. The reasons he gives for not employing chromo-lithography are not without their force. First, it would make the book too costly to be within the reach of persons of ordinary means, and, moreover, the process of colour-printing would fail of being completely satisfactory, especially when the examples chosen are those showing the highest degree of refinement. In the finest works of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, the most careful gradations of colour are found; and both the miniatures, the frames in which they are enclosed, and the other ornamental accessories, gradually display, as the Art emerged from the various conventional styles to a more natural mode of treatment, the most skilful blendings of the richest and most delicate tints. The printing-press, as we have frequently noticed when examining chromo-lithographs of illuminations, has, hitherto, been found inadequate to the production of these refinements, and we can scarcely hope for any material improvement; as, inde-



With these convictions, justified, no doubt, by the author's knowledge and experience, he has adopted wood-engravings for the illustrations of his book; and most beautiful specimens of the art they are, as the two examples introduced here show. The majority are by Mr. J. D. Cooper; the others by Mr. R. B. Utting, Mr. O. Jewitt, Mr. J. L. Williams, Mrs. Gould, and Miss Byfield. The selection of subjects has been made with a view to present the prevailing peculiarities of each century in as great a variety as could be accomplished within the necessary limits of the undertaking. They number in all thirty-one, including initials and borders: we will examine a few of them, somewhat in detail; and first of all, the two which appear in our pages.

The initial P (engraved by Mr. Cooper) is from an illuminated volume bearing this title-page:—"Prince Charles of Viana, son of John II., King of Navarre, made this translation of the Ethics of Aristotle from the Latin Version of Leonardo Aretino, into Romance, for his uncle, Alfonso V., King of Arragon, who died on the 27th of June, 1458." The book contains ten large letters similar to the engraving, all of them Moorish in character. The letter itself is blue on a burnished gold ground, diapered with light yellow; the foliage within is coloured pink, green, and orange. The extremely delicate ornament on the framework of the letter must not escape notice.

In the British Museum is a splendidly illuminated volume known as the Gospels of Canute, which is presumed, from a certificate,

pendently of the difficulty of producing these gradations and blending by machinery, some of the most beautiful pigments used in drawing are, when combined with the necessary varnish, of too thin a quality to be employed successfully in the process of printing, unless mixed with others less brilliant but of greater density.

Another objection made by Mr. Shaw to the adoption of the chromo-lithographic process to illustrate his work is one, he remarks, "looming in the future" rather than apparent on the first appearance of these mechanical copies. In all the styles of illumination, in all ages, gold formed a leading feature. But this metal is too costly for the printer's purpose, and what is used as a substitute for it will not bear the light. If only exposed occasionally, its comparative brilliancy may be preserved for a long period; if otherwise, it gradually fades and becomes a dull, heavy mass, sadly in contrast with the gay colours by which it is surrounded.

* A HANDBOOK OF THE ART OF ILLUMINATION, as practised during the Middle Ages. With a Description of the Metals, Pigments, and Processes employed by the Artists at different Periods. By HENRY SHAW, F.S.A., author of "Illuminated Manuscripts of the Middle Ages," "Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages," &c., &c. Published by Bell and Daldy, London.

in Anglo-Saxon, that precedes the title-page of the Gospel of St. Mark—the subject of our second engraving (also by Mr. Cooper), to have been the property of King Canute, “it is probable,” writes Mr. Shaw, “that he presented it to the cathedral of Canterbury upon being received into that church.” Assuming this to be the case, the work must be of very ancient date, as early as the eleventh century; and it testifies, by the chasteness and beauty of design of the frame, and by the extreme elegance of the

initial, to the degree of excellence attained by the illuminators of that early period.

On page 25 Mr. Shaw has introduced a leaf from a manuscript, also in the British Museum, entitled “Epestre au Roy Richard II. d’Angleterre, par un Solitaire de Célestins de Paris.” The upper portion of the leaf, or page, exhibits a picture on a kind of diapered background. To the left of the composition a monk on his left knee, holding in his left hand a banner charged with the symbol of the Lamb, presents with the other hand his book to King Richard, who is seated on his throne, crowned, and bearing his sceptre. On the right of the monarch

are four figures, in the fantastic costume of the time; the three principal are supposed to be his uncles, the Dukes of York, Lancaster, and Gloucester. Below the picture is inscribed a portion of the epistle, preceded by initials, and interspersed with foliated ornament; the whole is enclosed within a slender frame,—each side varying in pattern,—from which are projected scrolls of leaves.

Without exception, two of the most beautiful plates, if they may so be termed, in the volume



are those selected from the copy of the “Hours of the Virgin,” which formerly belonged to Isabella of Castile, wife of Ferdinand II. of Spain, the other copied from a finished miniature of St. Barbara. Both are remarkable for the bold and elegant borders that surround them; but the second contains a full-length portrait of St. Barbara, seated on the terrace of a castle, the background showing incidents of the persecutions to which she was exposed on

account of her adherence to Christianity. It is only justice to Mr. Cooper that we should point out the high merits of this engraving: nothing on steel or copper could exceed in delicacy and substance what he has here accomplished on wood.

There is not an illuminated page in this beautiful work that does not deserve some favourable comment from us; our limited space, however, forbids any further special reference. But, for the benefit of those who practise illumination as amateurs, or who desire to learn something of it, we must point attention to the

essay, at the end of the volume, on the art itself, and the best methods of acquiring it; it will be found of great value to the learner. We have had before us manuals and treatises on the subject, but none that seem so concise as this; none that teaches so much within the compass of a few pages of letter-press. Whether in the drawing-room, the studio of the artist or of the ornamental designer, Mr. Shaw’s “Handbook of the Art of Illumination” ought to be welcomed.

METROPOLITAN AND PROVINCIAL
WORKING-CLASSES EXHIBITION.

SEVERAL visits paid to the Agricultural Hall, Islington, since the opening day of this Exhibition, enable us to deal more specifically with its contents than we were able to do in our former notice. Primarily, however, we may remark that, so far as the guarantors are concerned, they need not apprehend being called upon to make up any deficiency in the expenditure, for the Exhibition is, in every way, a "paying concern."

It must be borne in mind that this Exhibition is strictly one of the "Working-classes;" but the exhibitors, by no means limit the productions sent in to the specialities of their trade. Thus, under the head of "Inventions and Improvements," we find a printer, W. H. Myers, contributing a number of signals for ships and railways, an improved coffee-pot, &c. &c.; a storekeeper, C. J. Hammond, sends the model of an invalid bedstead; a dentist, F. A. Wishart, a breech-loading rifle, a gas and nut wrench; a butcher, R. C. Dunham, is there daily explaining a most ingenious method of decimal calculating, which, he informed us, has met with the highest approval of those best able to test its utility; and a short-hand writer, T. Dunbar, exhibits several useful mechanical objects.

The Furniture and Upholstery section is not so well supported as might be expected; still there are some good specimens of inlaid work, and a few examples of well-made, but not very ornamental, furniture.

The Carving and Modelling department includes much that is really excellent. Among these works may be pointed out E. Bedford's 'Dead Game,' J. F. Booth's carved panel, J. Mines's specimens of wood-carving, and those by J. C. Richards, of Bristol,—very good. Two heads sculptured in wood by J. Leafe, a boy of fourteen, are entitled to great credit; a plaster group of L'Africaine, and a recumbent figure of Prometheus, by A. W. Thornton, might claim no unworthy place in the sculpture-room of the Royal Academy exhibition. J. Hollingsworth, paper-hanger, shows, as an amateur, a casket carved in lime-wood, elegant in design, and very carefully executed. R. Pinner, cabinet-maker, who also exhibits as an amateur, has some wood-carvings from nature of a high class. But undoubtedly there is not a more clever and artistic work in this department than the plaster model in relief exhibited by G. Tinworth, wheelwright; it contains several figures engaged in a street fracas; the design, whether original or not we cannot tell, is most spirited, the modelling true and good. T. H. Gibb, draper, shows two large groups, modelled in plaster, one of an otter and salmon, another of a merlin and weasel; both of them are entitled to high praise.

There is little worthy of special notice under the section, Jewellery, Precious Metals, &c., with the exception of some very ingenious and delicate filigree work by N. J. Alexander, and some marvellously deceptive imitation jewellery by J. Jeffray. A specimen of ornamental engraving by W. Keith, a boy of fifteen, is of a very superior order.

General Decorative Work is most successfully represented by designs for paper-hangings by W. C. Cadman and F. W. Bailey, respectively, both apprentice designers; by W. Featherstone's Grecian design for a cabinet door; R. Holland's designs for a dining-room cabinet, and for the ceiling of a theatre; and by T. Wells's graining in imitation of woods and marbles.

The display of China and Glass ware is meagre. J. Tucker's specimens of engraved glass are of a superior kind; H. Kane's china ornamented in raised and chased gold, and A. Fisher's enamel-painting, deserve mention here; as also do J. Wild's dessert-plates, &c.

On the Picture Gallery we have no room to dilate; there is abundance to look at, but little to call for favourable comment, if even we had space for notice. A few works might deserve a word of praise, and one has no right to expect to find more among a class of amateur painters whose ordinary avocations are so diametrically opposed to "Fine-Art" productions.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE
PROVINCES.

ABERDEEN.—Mr. Brodie's statue of the Queen, to which we have already alluded, was unveiled to the public, by the Prince of Wales, on the 21st of September, with great ceremony.

DUNROBIN.—A statue of the late Duke of Sutherland, by Mr. M. Noble, was inaugurated by the Prince of Wales, on the 24th of September. The work is a testimonial to the memory of the deceased nobleman from his tenantry.

DEVONPORT.—The statue of the late Lord Seaton, by Mr. G. G. Adams, has reached its destination, and will, in all probability, be raised on its pedestal on the garrison parade, before this number of our Journal is at press.

FROME.—An "Art and Industrial" Exhibition was opened at the Mechanics' Hall in this town, in the month of September. The walls of the room were hung with many valuable pictures, contributed by the Marquis of Bath, the Earl of Cork, Sir H. A. Hoare, Mr. W. Duckworth, the Rev. Prebendary Horner, Mr. Hippesley, Mr. J. H. Festing, and others of the neighbouring gentry and clergy. Conspicuous among these works were Rembrandt's notable painting, 'The Raising of the Widow's Son,' belonging to Sir H. A. Hoare, Vandyck's 'Deposition from the Cross,' now the property of Mr. Brimston, but formerly in the gallery of Sir John Guise; Mr. Holman Hunt's 'Strayed Sheep.' The "Industrial" portion of the exhibition was well supported, and various prizes were awarded in this department.

MANCHESTER.—The annual meeting of those interested in the Manchester School of Art was recently held. The financial condition of the school appears satisfactory, the annual subscriptions amounting during the past year to £413, and the students' fees to £682, while the expenditure reached only to £1,018, leaving a balance of £77 in favour of the institution. Mr. F. Worthington, one of the speakers at the meeting, advocated the breaking off all connection with the Department of South Kensington, and argued that if this were done the school would receive much greater local support than it now does. The prizes awarded for the last sessional year by the Science and Art Department were: two silver medals, six bronze medals, one prize of books, and five third-grade prizes. The report alluded to the valued and efficient services of the head-master, Mr. W. J. Muckley.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—An exhibition of pictures, &c., was opened in this town in the month of September. The number of works, many of them of great value, amounted to about 500.

PORTSMOUTH.—A project is being entertained in this borough for erecting a statue of the late Lord Northbrook, who, as Sir F. Baring, so long was its representative in parliament.

SHREWSBURY.—An exhibition of pictures and works of manufacturing Art was opened in this town, with every prospect of success, in the month of September. The Committee of Council on Education contributed many works, and various residents in the locality largely assisted. The exhibition is in connection with the Shrewsbury School of Art.

SOUTHAMPTON.—As a financial success the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Loan Exhibition promises to be a failure, so far, at least, as relates to one of the results the committee hoped to attain; that is, the retention of the temporary exhibition building for the purposes of the School of Art. At a meeting held shortly before the close of the exhibition, the chairman of the committee stated that the receipts, though very considerable, would not warrant the expectation of there being any surplus over the expenditure.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The managers of the School of Art have determined to give gratuitous instruction for a year to twelve scholars from each public school who have already taken prizes for drawing in the first grade; the term is to be renewed if the pupil's progress be satisfactory. The school appears to stand in need of greater pecuniary support, and the committee has appealed to the town and neighbourhood on its behalf.

SELECTED PICTURES.

HAY-TIME.

D. Cox, Painter.

E. Radcliffe, Engraver.

No real lover of English landscape but must admire the works of David Cox; provided, that is, that something more than the "prettiness" of Art is expected in a picture. One may be ignorant of the means employed in the production of the work, may have a preference for what is commonly called "style," and may prefer to bold and vigorous handling the patient and laborious dotting and stippings of an elaborately-finished drawing or painting; but if he loves nature, if he can see nature when transferred to canvas or paper, in all her infinite varieties and beauty, if he can appreciate Art unadorned, and yet adorned with all that is fresh and pleasant, then the pictures of Cox will receive that award of commendation to which their truth of rendering, their simple pastoral poetry, and their unaffectedness entitle them. Cox was an ardent lover of English scenery, and whether we meet him in a hay-field at the hours when

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn"

invites to the pastures; among the mountains of Wales at noonday or twilight, in sunshine or in rain-storm; on the sands of Lancaster when market-folk are crossing the dreary and treacherous waste; or among the fishers on the sea-coast; he is ever welcome, because everywhere his works are as true as they are beautiful in colour and living expression.

No two landscape-painters ever showed more originality of manner than Turner and David Cox; compare them with all who preceded or have followed them, and none will be found to stand the test, except imitators among the latter. Cox, by the way, had pupils who, of course, adopted his style as far as they could. It was long before the public "took to" either; and even to this day there are those who can see nothing to admire in the gorgeous canvases that constitute the "Turner Gallery," and in the masterly but more modest productions of the great water-colour painter whose youth was passed amid the forges of Birmingham.

Very few of his pictures have been engraved, and he did not, as did many of his brother landscape-painters—Stanfield, Roberts, Harding, Prout, Pyne, and others—prepare any large work for publication, though two or three elementary books upon drawing and water-colour painting were published by him. We are glad, therefore, to introduce here an engraving from one of his most attractive drawings. The locality we cannot identify with any certainty, but the character of the scenery is Welsh, probably on the borders of one of the lakes, a portion of which is seen in the distance on the right. But it is one of those open landscapes we often find among the works of this artist; a wide out-spread tract of level ground backed by a range of hills, here standing out in partial sunshine against a mass of purple clouds. Cox possessed a rare faculty for representing space and distance by light and shade intermingled, and this power is abundantly evident in the picture before us. The subject is simple, and would be comparatively uninviting to an eye that sees beauty only in the grandeur of nature, but the judgment, feeling, and skill of the painter have transformed a kind of desert into a "smiling plain," fragrant with the breath of mown grass, and fresh with the gales of heaven.



RADCLIFF, SCULPT

HAY-TIME.

D. COX. PINX.



MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.
 "We have undertaken to discourse here for a little on Great Men, their manner of appearance in our World's business, how they have shaped themselves in the World's history, what ideas men formed of them, what Work they did."—CARLYLE: HERO WORSHIP.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.



IN 1842, not long after we had enjoyed the society of Miss Edgeworth at Edgeworthstown, and had described her and her happy home in our work—"Ireland, its Scenery and Character"—we received a letter from that honoured lady, in which, to our great gratification, she wrote—"You are, I think, the only persons who have visited me, and have written concerning me, who have not printed a line I desire to erase." The feeling that prompted us then, will, in a degree, guide us now; it was her wish that no Life of her should be published; as she once said to us—"My only remains shall be in the church at Edgeworthstown;" and, as the result of a subsequent correspondence with Mrs. Edgeworth, in which we pressed to know if the injunction extended to her voluminous, valuable, and deeply interesting "correspondence," we have reason to believe the family desire (in accordance with

a suggestion they deem as sacred as a command) rather the suppression than the publication of any documents that may illustrate either her private or her literary career. We may regret this, and do; for if ever there was a life, from the commencement to the close, that would bear the strictest scrutiny, it was hers. It was not only blameless, but faultless; ruled by the sternest sense of rectitude; emphatically useful almost from the cradle to the grave.

Maria was the second child, the eldest daughter, of Richard Lovell Edgeworth. Before I proceed to the few and brief details I can give concerning the subject of this "Memory," the reader will not be displeased to receive some particulars relative to her father, to whom she, and consequently the world, owed so much; for he directed her education and formed her mind; and to him, therefore, must undoubtedly be attributed much of the value of her works.

The Edgeworth family "came into Ireland" during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, migrating "from Edgeware in Middlesex."

*Edgeworthstown
 Nov 27th 1842*

*"I should be hard to please indeed
 - "hard to please", impossible to
 please if I were not satisfied
 now.*

*Believe me, very truly dear
 Mr. Hall, your much obliged & grateful
 Maria Edgeworth*

In 1732 the then representative of the family married Jane Lovell, the daughter of a Welsh judge, and their son, Richard Lovell, was born in Pierrepont Street, Bath, in 1744. In early boyhood he was taken to Ireland, and entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1761, being removed to Oxford the same year, and entered at Corpus Christi as Gentleman Commoner. "While yet a youth at college"—in 1763—he married "Miss Elers," the daughter of "his father's friend," a family that resided at Black-Bourton, not far from Oxford. She was a lady well descended, and of high connections: that is nearly all we know of her. It would appear that he respected more than he loved her; having engaged her affections, he conceived it a point of honour to become her husband. Being under age, they were "married in Scotland;" but his

father, although disapproving the match, had them subsequently remarried by license.* She was the mother of Maria, and many circumstances lead to the conclusion that if she lacked some of the attractions the young and gay Irishman looked for, she was thoroughly amiable, prudent, and good. A son, he tells us, was born at Black-Bourton, in 1764,† and there

* Of his father Mr. Edgeworth says, he was "upright, honourable, sincere, and sweet-tempered; loved and respected by people of all ranks with whom he was connected." He was in the Irish parliament for twenty-five years. The Abbé Edgeworth was a relation, though not a near one; he was descended from a branch of the Edgeworth family. Mr. Edgeworth, soon after the restoration of Louis XVI., addressed the minister of the king, claiming, "as the nearest relation of the Abbé Edgeworth, claiming, "as the justice of France that his name should be inscribed on some public monument with those of the exalted personages who relied for consolation on his fidelity and courage. . . . to show that monarchs may have friends, and that princes can be grateful."

† Mr. Edgeworth records of this son, that "having acquired a vague notion of the happiness of a seafaring life," he became a sailor. In a note to her father's autobiography, Miss Edgeworth informs us that he some years afterwards went to America, married Elizabeth Wright, an American lady, and settled in South Carolina, near George Town. He died (August, 1796), leaving three sons, whose descendants are still resident in America.

also Maria was born in 1767. In 1768 Mr. Edgeworth records that he visited Ireland taking his son with him, leaving his wife and infant daughter in England.*

At Black-Bourton, then, Maria Edgeworth was born, in 1767;† she was the daughter of an English lady, and the granddaughter of an English lady; moreover, her father was of English birth and English descent, and she was English born. Nevertheless she was, to all intents and purposes, Irish: so she must be considered, and so she considered herself.

She was born on the 1st of January (as she tells Mrs. Hall in one of her letters), a God-given "New Year's gift" to her almost boy-father, and to the world for all time.

Mr. Edgeworth has not recorded the date of his first wife's death, but on the 17th of July, 1773, he was again wedded, at Lichfield, to Miss Honora Sneyd. Soon afterwards they settled in Ireland, and Edgeworthstown became, with few brief intervals, thenceforward his permanent home. His second wife did not live long, but her husband bears testimony to her many virtues. Some time after her death he married her sister Elizabeth, who thus became his third wife, on Christmas Day, 1780, at St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. In 1798, being again a widower, he again married—Miss Frances Anne Beaufort, the daughter of Dr. Beaufort, "an excellent clergyman, and a man of taste and of literature." That admirable woman survived him many years. She was, Mr. Edgeworth writes, "a young lady of small fortune and large accomplishments;" and "his marriage with her," Maria, writing twenty years afterwards, says, "of all the blessings we owe to him, has proved the greatest."‡

In 1814 time was telling on the vigorous frame of Mr. Edgeworth. In one of his conversations with his daughter, he spoke of the later years of his life as by far the happiest, and pleasantly said that "if he were permitted to return to earth in whatever form he might choose, he should perhaps make the whimsical choice of re-entering the world as an old man. His latest letter—to Lady Romilly, in 1817, when he knew he was dying, in the midst of physical suffering, resigned and cheerful—contains this passage:—"I enjoy the charms of literature, the sympathy of friendship, and the unbounded gratitude of my children." His prayer had been that as long as he lived he might retain his intellectual faculties, and that blessing was mercifully granted to him. He thanked God that his mind did not die before his body. On the 13th of June, 1817, he died, and

* It is stated by Miss Kavanagh (I know not on what authority) that Maria was born at Hare Hatch, near Bredford, and "that her birth cost the mother her life." Maria was born at Black-Bourton, and her mother lived six years after her birth.

† The proper name of Black Bourton is Bourton Abbots. I am informed by the late incumbent of the parish that "the old manorial pew belonging to the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church College formerly belonged to the Elers, or Elers family; at the back of it is the old family marble tomb and effigy; that the family came originally from Germany, and settled at Bourton Abbots, in a fine old mansion house, a vestige of which is not now to be found, though relics of the old oak carvings are scattered among neighbouring cottages." My correspondent adds, that after the decease of the original family, the younger branches became reduced in circumstances, the estate merged into other hands, and none of the name are now known at Black Bourton.

‡ She was an aged woman when I had the happiness to know her. It was a beautiful sight to see the mingled homage and affection paid to her by every member of her family—by her step-children as well as by those who were more peculiarly her own. Maria's hopes and anticipations, in 1798, were more than confirmed nearly half a century afterwards, and during all the intervening years. She was born at or near Navan, in 1769; her father and grandfather were clergymen, and both rectors of Navan, and her brother, Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort, was hydrographer to the Admiralty. She died in 1865, having attained the venerable age of ninety-six, and in the sixty-seventh year of her residence at Edgeworthstown.

* About the same period we received from Mrs. Wilson, Miss Edgeworth's sister, a letter in which occurs this passage:—"I, as one of the family, my dear Mrs. Hall, must give you my grateful thanks for the delicacy with which you have avoided saying anything that could hurt our feelings, or violate the privacy of the domestic life in which my sister delights."

his remains were deposited in the family vault in the churchyard of Edgeworthstown, to which, in accordance with his written directions, he was borne on the shoulders of his own labourers, his coffin being "without velvet, plate, or gilding." And the stone that covers his remains contains no inscription beyond his name and the dates of his birth and death.

That his was "a useful and a well-spent life" there is abundant evidence; as a member of parliament, as a county magistrate, as a landed proprietor (acknowledging the duties as well as the rights of property), he was entirely worthy; in all that appertained to his family and to society he was considerate, generous, just; while of the influence he exercised over his own family we have the proofs not only in his own writings, but in those of his daughter.

To estimate rightly both father and daughter, some notes on the state of Ireland nearly a century ago are needful. When, in 1782, Maria may be said to have first visited Ireland, and her father became "a resident Irish landlord," the country was in a condition very different indeed from that which it now presents and presented at the period of her removal from earth.

"If ever any country was governed by an oligarchy, Ireland was in that situation before the Union;" thus Mr. Edgeworth wrote in 1817. Society was in a deeply degraded state; recklessness and extravagance were almost universal. "As landlord and magistrate, the proprietor of an estate had to listen to perpetual complaints, petty wranglings and equivocations, in which no human sagacity could discover truth or award justice." A large proportion of the gentry dwelt in "superb mansions," so far as regarded size, but "lived in debt, danger, and subterfuge, nominally possessors of a palace, but really in dread of a jail." The dominant party regarded themselves as the masters of slaves; "drivers" were the satellites of every landlord, and middlemen farmed nearly all the land, taking it at a reasonable rent (paying usually in advance), and reletting it immediately to poor tenants at the highest price possible to be pressed out of their necessities. It was generally a hopeless task that which strove to make the tenant even moderately comfortable. Justice was a thing never looked for; it was always the landlord against the tenant, and the tenant against the landlord.*

It is certain that Mr. Edgeworth was far in advance of his time. The poorer classes did not understand him; they were not prepared for the advent of a magistrate who required evidence only with a view to ascertain truth, nor for a gentleman who preferred rather to pay than to give, and whose established rule was to do right for right's sake; while neighbouring gentry were utterly incapable of comprehending a man who was indifferent to field sports and never drank to excess; who was faithful to his home, and happiest when his children were his playmates; who was a politician, yet of no party; whose religion was based on universal charity, and who was the pro-

tector of the poor and the advocate of the oppressed. The records of Ireland towards the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, are now happily gone-by histories; but something should be known of them to comprehend the character of Richard Lovell Edgeworth. In the end he triumphed over prejudice, disarmed hostility, and set an example the salutary influence of which can scarcely be exaggerated by any historian of the perilous time in which he lived.*

His life was especially valuable as forming the mind of his daughter Maria—the minds of all his children, indeed; she writes—"Few, I believe, have ever enjoyed such happiness or such advantages as I have had in the instruction, society, and unbounded confidence and affection of such a father and such a friend."

At that period it absolutely required some such intelligence to usher such an intellect into the world of letters. Authorship was considered out of the province of woman; and although Mr. Edgeworth records as an astonishing fact (on the authority of Burke) that there were then actually 80,000 readers in Great Britain,

very few of them were of the gentler sex. He tells us that his own grandmother "was singularly averse to all learning in a lady, beyond reading the Bible and being able to cast up a week's household account," and did her best to prevent her daughter from "wasting her time upon books;" in vain, however, for she became a thoroughly educated woman, and to "her instructions and authority" her son acknowledges himself indebted for the happiness of his life.

The critic Jeffrey writes:—"A greater mass of trash and rubbish never disgraced the press of any country than the ordinary novels that filled and supported our circulating libraries down nearly to the time of Miss Edgeworth's first appearance." There were some exceptions, no doubt, and some works that have kept their places in the hearts of millions; but "the staple of the novel market was, beyond imagination, despicable, and had consequently sunk and degraded the whole department of literature of which it had usurped the name." The "rabble rout" of the Minerva press was scattered as by the wand of an enchanter when this admirable woman appeared; and to her we are perhaps indebted



THE EDGEWORTH FAMILY.

for "the Waverley novels," for it is avowed by Scott that he was prompted by the example of Miss Edgeworth to a desire to do for Scotland what she had done for Ireland.†

The growth of Maria's mind she traces wholly to her father, and very often she humbly and gratefully acknowledges how much her writings were improved by his critical taste and matured judgment. "In consequence of his earnest exhortations," she writes, "I began, in 1791 or 1792, to note down anecdotes of the children he was then educating;" writing also, for her own amusement and instruction, some of his conversation-lessons. In their system of educating these children "all the general ideas originated with him; the illustrating and manufacturing them, if I may use the

expression, was mine." The "Practical Education" was thus a joint work of father and daughter; it was published in 1798, "and so commenced that literary partnership which, for so many years, was the pride and joy of my life." The next book they published "in partnership" was the "Essay on Irish Bulls;" the illustrative anecdotes there retailed owed little to invention, and nearly all of them were facts; sometimes he told them, with racy humour and point, while she wrote them down. He was always at hand to advise, not often to write. In "Patronage" he did not pen a single passage, but the "plan" was his suggestion; it originated in a story invented by him, and the leading characters were sketched as he imagined them. "All his literary ambition was for me." His skill was exercised in "cutting:" "It is mine to cut and correct," he once said, "yours to write on;" and such, happily for me, was his power over my mind, that no one thing I ever began to write was ever left unfinished." In the few letters he addressed to her—for they were rarely apart even for a day—he signs himself "Your critic, partner, father, friend."

* In 1783 (thus writes Maria Edgeworth in her memoirs of her father) "a statute of King William III., entitled 'An Act to prevent the Growth of Popery,' ordained no less than a forfeiture of inheritance against those Catholics who had been educated abroad; at the pleasure of any informer it confiscated their estates to the next Protestant heir. That statute further deprived Papists of the power of obtaining any legal property by purchase; and simply for officiating in the service of his religion, any Catholic priest was liable to be imprisoned for life. Some of these penalties had fallen into disuse, but, as Mr. Dunning stated in the English House of Commons, many respectable Catholics still lived in fear of them, and some actually paid contributions to persons who, on the strength of this act, threatened them with prosecutions."

† The Sir Condyss and Sir Murtaghs of Castle Rackrent had their originals in most Irish families at the time Maria Edgeworth wrote that tale.

† "Without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact, which pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be attempted for my own country, of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland—something which might introduce her natives to those of the sister kingdom in a more favourable light than they had been placed hitherto, and tend to procure sympathy for their virtues and indulgence for their foibles."—SCOTT.

To write for children was then considered below the dignity of authorship. Dr. Watts and Mrs. Barbauld had indeed thus "condescended;" but, with these exceptions, there were few or none able or willing to make their way into the minds and hearts of "the little ones."

There is abundant evidence that much of the true greatness of Maria Edgeworth's mind—and the inestimable value of her writings—resulted from the duty which nature imposed upon her when she was placed at the head of a family consisting of children of varied ages from infancy to youthhood. In 1814 she writes, "His eldest was above five-and-forty, the youngest being only one year old." It therefore became the duty of the eldest to train the younger branches—children who were learning to speak when she was sedate and aged. Hence that educated power by which she brought the elevated sensibilities and sound moralities of life to a level with the comprehension of childhood; rendering knowledge, and virtue, and consideration, and order, the companions—almost the playthings as well as the teachers—of the nursery.

Mr. Edgeworth had sons and daughters by each of his four wives: he was their

parent, their preceptor, their friend, their companion, their playmate; they lived with him on "terms of equality that diminished nothing from respect," giving to him gratitude and affection. "Those who knew him longest loved him best." "I have heard him say," writes Maria, "that he never in his whole life lost a friend but by death." And that which he wrote to Darwin, in 1796, of Edgeworthstown—"I do not think one tear per month is shed in this house, nor the voice of reproof heard, nor the hand of restraint felt,"—continued to be as true in 1844, when we visited Edgeworthstown, as it had been half a century earlier; so it was through all changes, anxieties, and responsibilities, during fifty years.

Edgeworthstown was, and is, a large country mansion, to which additions have been from time to time made—but made judiciously. An avenue of venerable trees leads to it from the public road; it is distant about seven miles from the town of Longford. The only room I need specially refer to is the library; it belonged more peculiarly to Maria, although the general sitting-room of the family. It was the room in which she did nearly all her work—not only that which was to gratify

a walk, to see that damp had not induced danger; "popping" in and out of our room with some kind inquiry, some thoughtful suggestion, or to show some object that she knew would give pleasure. It is to such small courtesies as these that we owe much of the happiness of life. Maria Edgeworth seemed never weary of thought that could make those about her happy; the impression thus produced upon us is as vivid to-day as it was twenty-five years ago.

A wet day was a "god-send" to us. She would enter our sitting-room and converse freely of persons whose names are histories; and once she brought us a large box full of letters—her correspondence with many great men and women, extending over more than fifty years—authors, artists, men of science, social reformers, statesmen, of all the countries of Europe, and especially of America—a country of which she spoke and wrote in terms of the highest respect and affection.

Although we had known Miss Edgeworth in London—and, indeed, had often the honour of receiving her as a guest at our house—it will be readily understood how much more to advantage she was seen in her own home; she was the very gentlest of lions, the most unexacting—apparently the least conscious of her right to prominence; in London she did not reject, yet she seemed averse, to the homage accorded her. At home she was emphatically at home!

The last time we saw her was at the house of her sister, Mrs. Wilson (now also departed), in North Audley Street; she was, of course, a centre of attraction; the heated room and many "presentations" seemed to weary her. We, of course, were seldom near her in the crowd, and as we were bidding her good-bye, she made us amends by whispering, "We will make up for this at Edgeworthstown." Alas! that was not to be; not long afterwards, she returned to Edgeworthstown, and was suddenly called from earth.

She had complained somewhat, felt languid and oppressed, and consented that her friend and physician, Sir Henry Marsh, should be sent for; half an hour after the letter was written, Mrs. Edgeworth entered her bedroom; passing her hand under the patient's head, she gently raised it, and as it reclined on her breast the soul passed away. She died without either physical or mental suffering, in the eighty-third year of her useful and happy life, "full of years and honours" indeed!

It is to be regretted that there exists no portrait of this admirable woman; a hint I gave that to obtain one would be a vast boon was not well received, and there was some hesitation in permitting Mr. Fairholt, who was our companion during our visit to Edgeworthstown, to introduce into his drawing of the library, her portrait as she sat at her desk examining papers; that sketch I have engraved. Mr. Sneyd Edgeworth (who was not long ago removed from earth) gave me, however, a photograph of a family picture, of which also I give an engraving.

Her contemporaries have not said much concerning her; indeed, of late years, she was but little seen out of Edgeworths-

* In one of her letters to Mrs. Hall (who wrote to her on her birthday every year during several years) she says, "Your cordial, warm-hearted note was the very pleasantest I received on my birthday, except those from my own family." That was the last birthday she passed on earth. She adds, "You must not delay long in finding your way to Edgeworthstown if you mean to see me again. Remember you have just congratulated me on my eighty-second birthday."



EDGEWORTHSTOWN.

and instruct the world, but that which, in a measure, regulated the household—the domestic duties that were subjects of her continual thought; for the desk at which she usually sat was never without memoranda of matters from which she might have pleaded a right to be held exempt. Mrs. Hall described it in our work, "Ireland, its Scenery and Character," and I may borrow in substance that description here. It is by no means a stately, solitary room, but large, spacious, and lofty, well stored with books, and "furnished" with suggestive engravings. Seen through the window is the lawn, embellished by groups of trees. If you look at the oblong table in the centre, you will see the rallying point of the family, who are usually around it, reading, writing, or working; while Miss Edgeworth, only anxious that the inmates of the house shall each do exactly as he or she pleases—sits in her own peculiar corner on the sofa; a pen, given her by Sir Walter Scott while a guest at Edgeworthstown (in 1825), is placed before her on a little, quaint, unassuming table, constructed, and added to, for convenience. She had a singular power of abstraction, apparently hearing all that was said, and

occasionally taking part in the conversation, while pursuing her own occupation, and seemingly attending only to it. In that corner, and on that table, she had written nearly all the works which have delighted and enlightened the world. Now and then she would rise and leave the room, perhaps to procure a toy for one of the children, to mount the ladder and bring down a book that could explain or illustrate some topic on which some one was conversing: immediately she would resume her pen, and continue to write as if the thought had been unbroken for an instant. I expressed to Mrs. Edgeworth surprise at this faculty so opposed to my own habit. "Maria," she said, "was always the same; her mind was so rightly balanced, everything so honestly weighed, that she suffered no inconvenience from what would disturb and distract an ordinary writer."

She was an early riser, and had much work done before breakfast. Every morning during our stay at Edgeworthstown she had gathered a bouquet of roses, which she placed beside my plate at the table, while she was always careful to refresh the vase that stood in our chamber; and she invariably examined my feet after

town, her visits to London being rare and brief. It is known that Sir Walter Scott much loved and honoured her, yet there is little concerning her in his journal, although he spent some days with her at Edgeworthstown.* "She writes," he says, "all the while she laughs, talks, eats, and drinks;" and, in another place, "I am particularly pleased with the *naïveté* and good-humoured ardour of mind which she unites with such formidable powers of acute observation." She was well appreciated by Sydney Smith, who thus wrote of her: "She does not say witty things, but there is such a perfume of wit runs through all her conversation, as makes it very brilliant." This passage, however, I find in Lockhart's life of Scott:—

"It may be well imagined with what lively interest Sir Walter surveyed the scenery with which so many of the proudest recollections of Ireland must ever be associated, and how curiously he studied the rural manners it presented to him, in the hope (not disappointed) of being able to trace some of his friend's bright creations to their first hints and germs. On the delight with which he contemplated her position in the midst of her own large and happy domestic circle, I need say still less. The reader is aware by this time how deeply he condemned and pitied the conduct and fate of those who, gifted with pre-eminent talents for the instruction and entertainment of their species at large, fancy themselves entitled to neglect those everyday duties and charities of life, from the mere shadowing of which in imaginary pictures the genius of poetry and romance has always reaped its highest and purest, perhaps its only true immortal honours. In Maria he hailed a sister spirit; one who, at the summit of literary fame, took the same modest, just, and, let me add, *Christian* view of the relative importance of the feelings, the obligations, and the hopes in which we are all equally the partakers, and whose talents and accomplishments which may seem to vain and short-sighted eyes sufficient to constitute their possessors into an order and species apart from the rest of their kind. Such fantastic conceits found no shelter with either of these powerful minds."

This is Mrs. Hall's portrait of Maria Edgeworth in 1842: In person she was very small—she was "lost in a crowd;" her face was pale and thin, her features irregular—they may have been considered plain, even in youth; but her expression was so benevolent, her manners were so perfectly well bred—partaking of English dignity and Irish frankness—that one never thought of her with reference either to beauty or plainness; she ever occupied, without claiming, attention, charming continually by her singularly pleasant voice, while the earnestness and truth that beamed from her bright blue—very blue—eyes, increased the value of every word she uttered; she knew how to *listen* as well as to *talk*, and gathered information in a manner highly complimentary to those from whom she sought it; her attention seemed far more the effect of respect than of curiosity; her sentences were frequently epigrammatic; she more than once suggested to me the story of the good fairy, from whose lips dropped diamonds and pearls whenever they were opened. She was ever neat and particular in her dress, a duty to society which literary women sometimes culpably neglect; her feet and hands were so delicate and small, as to be

* During Miss Edgeworth's visit to Abbotsford, in 1823, previous to the return visit to Edgeworthstown, an incident occurred that has been stated of others, I believe. Miss Edgeworth told us that one moonlight night she proposed to Scott to visit Melrose, quoting his famous lines—

"If you would see Melrose aught,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

Scott at once assented, adding,—"By all means let us go, for I myself have never seen Melrose by moonlight."

almost childlike.* In a word, Maria Edgeworth was one of those women who do not seem to require beauty.

Miss Edgeworth has been called "cold;" but those who have so deemed her have never seen, as I have (Mrs. Hall writes), the tears gather in her eyes at a tale of suffering or sorrow, nor heard the genuine hearty laugh that followed the relation of a pleasant story. Never, so long as I live, can I forget the evenings spent in her library in the midst of a family, highly educated and self-thinking, in conversation unrestrained, yet pregnant with instructive thought.

Of the *twenty-two* children born to Richard Lovell Edgeworth there are but three now left; there is, however, happily, another generation to reap the harvest of the seed that was planted at Edgeworthstown nearly a century ago.

The long career of Maria Edgeworth illustrated her own and her father's system of education—practical education; she was, by her own example, that which she laboured to make others—active, energetic, cheerful, ever at hand everywhere when needed.

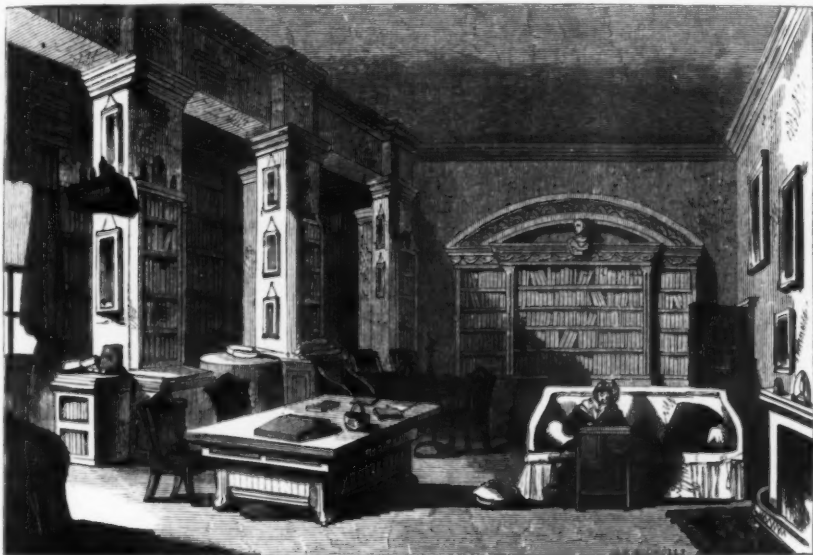
It was—and possibly still is—made a charge against the Edgeworths, that they

put aside "religion" from their plans of education. The subject is certainly not prominent in their writings, but Mr. Edgeworth emphatically affirms his conviction that "religious obligation is indispensably necessary in the education of all descriptions of people in every part of the world," and considered "religion, in the large sense of the word, to be the only certain bond of society." His daughter also strongly protests against the idea that he designed to lay down a system of education founded upon morality, exclusive of religion.*

It may be worth noting, that during our residence at Edgeworthstown the family assembled at prayers every morning, that they were regular attendants at the parish church, and that other evidence was supplied of the strength of their religious faith.

I may be permitted to make some extracts from the few of her letters we have preserved. The first is a passage from one dated January 2, 1848; it concerns her little book for the young, "Orlandino":—

"Chambers, as you always told me, acts very liberally. As this was to earn a little money for our parish poor in the last year's distress, he most considerately gave prompt payment. Even before publication, when the proof sheets



MISS EDGEWORTH'S LIBRARY.

were under correction, came the ready order on the Bank of Ireland. Blessings on him! and I hope he will not be the worse for me: I am surely the better for him, and so are numbers now working and eating; for Mrs. E.'s principle and mine is to excite the people to work for good wages, and not by gratis feeding to make beggars of them, and ungrateful beggars, as the case might be."

"I do not deserve the very kind, warm-hearted letter I have just received from you, dear Mrs. Hall; but I prize and like it all the better. So little standing upon ceremony, and so cordially off-hand and from the heart. Thank you for it with all my heart, and be assured it gave me heartfelt pleasure, and this I know will please you."

I copy a passage from one of the criticisms on her contemporaries, in which she sometimes indulged in her letters to Mrs. Hall, all marked by sound observation and generous sympathy:—

"A book has much interested me; it is unlike any other book I ever read in my life, and yet true to nature in new circumstances. To

be sure I cannot judge of the circumstances or the narrative; never having been in the country; but the descriptions full of life, and marked by that seal of genius which we recognise the instant we see it, obtains perfect credence from the reader, and hurries us on through the most romantic adventures, still domestic and confined to a few persons not in number beyond the power of sympathy. One or two the most powerfully drawn may, perhaps, touch the bounds of impossibility. The book I mean has a title which does not do it justice, and which would rather lead one to expect a gossiping chronicle. It is called 'The Neighbours.' Its author, I understand, is a Miss Bremer, of Stockholm, translated by Mary Howitt, and the best and most just praise I can give to her translation, is that one never, from beginning to end, recollects her existence; never does it occur to our mind that it is a translation. Pray tell me if you know anything of this author, and how I should address her at Stockholm."

"How very much one is obliged to the genius which can snatch one from oneself away, in times of great depression of spirits! At those times when we are not wise enough to be able

* She once commissioned me to procure for her a pair of shoes from Melnotte's, in Paris; and when I handed the model to the shoemaker, I had difficulty in persuading him it was not the shoe of a little girl.

* Robert Hall, after greatly praising her writings, laments that they are without even allusion to Christianity:—"She does not attack religion, or inveigh against it, but makes it appear unnecessary, by exhibiting perfect virtue without it."

to give a reason for particularly liking; but the involuntary feeling is perhaps the most gratifying to a writer of benevolent heart, as well as superior genius."

"I am afraid you are soaring above us. I read of such fine doings at the Rosery—such a grand breakfast on the marriage of Miss M—. But as she is good Irish, you are true to your national affections, and there may be room in your heart for all of us."

She was with Sir Walter Scott when he visited Killarney. There had been a rumour that the great author had been treated with slight during his visit to the Irish lakes, and that he had spoken of them with contempt: I thought it right to set that question at rest. The following letter is now before me; she writes:—

"EDGEWORTHSTOWN,
June 18, 1843.

"My sister, Harriet Butler, and I were in the boat with Sir Walter Scott, the day, and the only day, when he was on the Killarney Lakes. We heard him declare that he thought the Upper Lake the most beautiful he had ever seen excepting Loch Lomond; more could not be mortal tongue be expressed by a Scotsman. I did not hear him find fault, or say that he was disappointed, during the whole row. He appeared pleased and pleasing; and why any people should have imagined he was not, I cannot imagine. 'Rude' I am sure he was not; he could not be. We were sorry that we could not stay another day; but all experienced travellers know full well that they must give up their wishes to previous arrangements and engagements, and that they must cut their plans and pleasures according to their time and promises. As to the affair of the stag hunt, I can only say that I received no invitation to see one; that we did not receive any; that I heard at the time that a stag hunt would not be offered to us, because the stag hounds belonged to some near relation of a gentleman much respected in the country, who had just died suddenly, and was not buried. I recollect passing by the gates of his place, and seeing two men in deep mourning, with weepers, sitting on each side of the gate. As I had never before seen this custom, I made inquiry, and was told why they mourned, and who for; and this confirmed and fixed in my memory what I have above mentioned."

I have quoted from the last letter Mrs. Hall received from Miss Edgeworth; it may be permitted me to make an extract from the first, dated July 30, 1829, in reference to Mrs. Hall's first production, "Sketches of Irish Character."

"It has been sometimes my fate to have gratitude and sincerity struggling within me when I have begun a letter of thanks to authors; I have no such struggle now, but with pleasure unmixed, and perfect freedom of mind and ease of conscience, I write to you. The 'Sketches of Irish Character' are, in my opinion, admirable for truth, pathos, and humour; all the sketches show complete knowledge of the persons and things represented, and some of the portraits are drawn with uncommon strength, and with more decided and fine touches, which mark a masterly hand."

I may quote this generous tribute to a writer concerning Ireland who was then entering a career Miss Edgeworth was about to leave. There are other parts of the letter I abstain from quoting; but the reader of this Memory will readily appreciate the effect on the then young author of "Sketches of Irish Character."

* The matter-of-fact mind of Maria Edgeworth receives illustration from the following letter which she required her sister to write:—

"DEAR MRS. HALL.—My recollection of the circumstances mentioned by my sister at Killarney, in 1825, exactly coincides with hers; I remember our being told, as we drove into Killarney, that we should have no stag hunt, as the master of the hounds had died that morning.

"Yours truly,
"TRIM, 19th June, 43."

"HARRIET BUTLER.

Although it forms no part of our plan in this series of "Memories" to bring under review the works of the authors we commemorate, it is impossible to treat of Maria Edgeworth without some observations on the influence of her writings. She had one great advantage over almost all others, she never wrote for bread; she was never compelled to furnish a publisher with so much matter at so much per sheet. In her home there was always independence—entire freedom from debt; and with few responsibilities beyond those that appertain to a household. At Edgeworthstown there was emphatically that of which the poet tells us—

"Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence."

It is to their honour that women were the first to use the pen in the service of Ireland. At the beginning of the century a buffoon, a knave, and an Irishman, were synonymous terms in the novel or on the stage; they were deemed exceptions who did honour to their country; and although a gentleman from Ireland, in contradistinction to an Irish gentleman, was considered everywhere the perfection of grace, refinement, and chivalric courtesy, there were, unhappily, too many "specimens" that gave force to prejudice and confounded the all with the many. Churchill wrote, more than a century ago—

"Long from a country ever hardly used,
At random censured, wantonly abused,
Have Britons drawn the shaft, with no kind view,
And judged the many by the rascal few."

When prejudice was at its height—about the time of "the Union"—two women with opposite views, and very opposite training, but moved by the same ennobling patriotism, "rose to the rescue." Miss Owenson, afterwards Lady Morgan, by the vivid romance, and Miss Edgeworth by the stern reality of actual portraiture, forcing justice from an unwilling jury, spreading abroad the knowledge of Irish character, and portraying, as till then they had never been portrayed, the chivalry, generosity, and devotedness of Irish nature. They succeeded largely in evaporating suspicion, in overcoming prejudice, by obtaining ready hearers of appeals. Neither of these eminent and greatly endowed ladies did by any means ignore the faults, serious or trivial, of their countrymen and countrywomen; but they made conspicuous their virtues, maintained their right to respect and their claim to consideration, and succeeded in obtaining verdicts in their favour from adverse judges and reluctant juries.

It is indeed a privilege to render homage to the memory of this admirable woman; her works are "not for an age, but for all time." They were marvels in her day, two-thirds of a century ago, when either coarseness or frivolity was too generally the staple of the author. Her affection for Ireland was fervent and earnest, yet she was of no party—even in that age and there. She had enlarged sympathies, with large views for its advancement; neither prejudice nor bigotry touched her mind or heart. Her religious and political faith was Christian, in the most extended sense of that holy word; a literary woman, without vanity, affectation, or jealousy; a perfect woman—

"Not too pure nor good
For human nature's daily food."

Studios of all home duties, careful for all home requirements, ever actively thoughtful of all the offices of love and kindness which sanctify domestic life, genius gave to her the rare power to be useful during seventy of her eighty-three years.

HOW OUR PENCILS ARE MADE IN CUMBERLAND.*

It may be interesting to our readers to know something of an article which is to be found in daily use in every English household—the lead pencil. While we see long descriptions written of almost every other article of manufacture, the poor little pencil seems to have been quite neglected and left unnoticed. Perhaps this may be accounted for by the quiet, unobtrusive manner in which pencil-making is carried on, and also from the fact that its head-quarters is an out-of-the-way town in the north of England, little known except to tourists, and which, until lately, was only approachable by a coach-and-four.

Blacklead is found in various foreign parts, particularly in Germany, but no lead that has ever been discovered is equal to that found in Cumberland; for richness and purity, for beauty and fineness, it stands without a rival; and although many other kinds of lead are employed in pencil-making, that found in Cumberland has always been considered the best, and is still only used in the manufacture of the finest drawing-pencils. When we say Cumberland lead, we mean the pure "wad,"† unmixed with any other substance. The celebrated plumbago mine is situated in Borrowdale, one of the most beautiful spots in England, about nine miles from Keswick, near a little hamlet called Seathwaite. Majestic rocks tower round on all sides, and the visitor is at once impressed with the solemn grandeur of the valley. A traveller, in speaking of this wild and beautiful dale, says:—"Here in the depth of winter the sun never shines; as the spring advances, his rays begin to shoot over the southern mountains, and at noon to tip the chimney-pots of the village." We believe we are correct in saying that there is no record of the first opening of this mine. Although many traditions exist concerning it amongst the country people who inhabit the surrounding mountain sides, or "fells," as they are called in Cumberland, yet none of them are sufficiently authentic to be worthy of credence. By some it has been alleged that the mine was accidentally discovered during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but of course this is merely traditional. It, however, is noticed by Camden in his Britannia, which was written in Latin, and appeared in 1586. In speaking of Borrowdale, he says:—"Here is also found abundance of that mineral earth, or hard shining stone, which we call blacklead, that is used by painters in drawing their lines and shading their pieces in black and white, which, whether it be Dioscorides's Pnigitis, or Melanteria, or Ochre (a sort of earth burned black), is a point that I cannot determine, and so shall leave it to the search of others." He also says there is a mine of it in the West Indies, but adds, there is no need to go there for it, as there is enough dug in one year in Borrowdale to serve all Europe.

From this statement, we may infer that the demand could not have been very great. Borrowdale lead is again noticed in the early part of the seventeenth century, for there exists a deed, bearing the date of 1614, in which reference is made to the mine.

* This article has been some time in type, but we have only now been able to find room for it. We make this statement because a somewhat similar communication—not, however, from the same writer—has appeared in a contemporary publication; but we do not think it necessary on this account to withhold our own.

† Wad, in Hiberno-Celtic, *wade*, a road direction. "It lies in the same wad." Wad lead, probably so called because lying in strata. See Sullivan's Cumberland.

Borrowdale, or at any rate a part of it, seems to have belonged to the Abbot of Furness; however, when the dissolution of the monasteries took place, it appears that the manor of Borrowdale came into possession of the Crown, and probably remained crown land until the reign of James I. From the deed we have mentioned, we find that James I. granted certain lands in Borrowdale to one William Whitmore, together with Jonas Jerdon. They afterwards sold them to thirty-seven persons, Sir Wilfred Lawson being amongst the number; but they made one important exception, they reserved "all those wad-holes and wad commonly called black cawke, within the commons of Seatollar, or elsewhere, within the commons and wastes of the Manor of Borrowdale aforesaid, of the yearly rent or value of fifteen shillings and four pence." The mine, at the beginning of the present century, belonged to a family named Banks, a name universally known in connection with the best made pencils. It is now in the hands of a "Limited Liability Company;" however, it has not been worked for the last few years. Occasionally, when the shepherds are herding their flocks on the "fell" side, and near the mouths of the old workings, they find small pieces of the "wad," which are eagerly bought by the Keswick pencil makers.

The wad, or lead, is found in cells, or "sops," but never in a continuous vein. The cliff or rock among which it is found is a grey felspar porphyry, and the specific gravity of the finest lead is to that of water as two to one. It is found in solid lumps of irregular shapes and different sizes, with small quantities of stony matter adhering to it, and it undergoes no process to prepare it for market beyond removing the particles of stone. The produce of this extraordinary mine has always been held in the highest estimation, and year by year the small store which now remains will become more valuable. It has been a matter of great difficulty, at different times, to preserve the mine from depredation; and in the reign of George II. an Act of Parliament was passed, by which it was enacted that any person found entering any mine or wad-hole, carrying away any wad, or receiving any, knowing it to be stolen, would be tried for felony. In the olden times, before the common carriers ventured to travel over the mountain passes, the lead used to be conveyed on pack-horses from the mine in Borrowdale to Kendal; the casks of lead were then transferred to the regular waggons travelling to London. During the journey from Borrowdale, the lead was carefully guarded by a convoy of men armed with blunderbusses, as its value was well known by the wild mountaineers. On its arrival in London it was safely lodged in the warehouse of the Mining Company, where it was bought by the manufacturers, and sent back to Keswick to be made into pencils. The mine has been only worked at intervals. Sometimes it has yielded very large and valuable sops, and at other times quite the reverse. Records exist of the produce of the mine since 1759. From that time to the present, the year 1803 seems to have been the most successful. Calculating that the lead was sold at £1 10s. per pound, which, we believe, is far below the average, we find that in the three years from 1800 to 1803, after paying all expenses, the profit amounted to the enormous sum of £26,769 per annum. The price of pure lead has latterly varied from 2s. 6d. to £1 1s. an ounce; but the value is now nominal, from the uncertainty of the supply.

We have said that the mine is not worked at present, nor do we think there is any likelihood of its being again opened, at least for some time to come. There are many opinions expressed by local authorities as to the amount of plumbago which remains undiscovered beneath the mountains of "bonnie Cumberland;" some hold that there is a great quantity still left, and that the richest vein in Borrowdale is as yet untouched: this, of course, is merely conjecture. So little seems to be known by scientific men of the nature of this extraordinary mineral, and so little of its origin, that geologists, having no data to work upon, are consequently unable to lay down any definite rules with respect to the amount of "wad," or, more properly speaking, graphite, which still remains buried in Borrowdale. Again, a different opinion has been held by others: Jonathan Otley, an old Cumberland worthy, and no mean geologist—a man who spent his life in solitude amongst the mountains making observations—a constant student of the great book of nature, and a companion of Professor Sedgwick in his geological rambles, predicted, in 1825, with regard to plumbago, "that the most prolific part of the mountains had been already explored, and the principal body, or trunk, of the mine excavated, and that posterity must be contented with gleanings from the branches." So far the old man's prophecy has proved true. The reader who may wish to know more of the geology of the Cumberland mountains, is referred to the essay appended to Mr. Lynn Linton's admirable book, "The Lake Country."

It seems difficult to fix the date when pencils were first used. Their antiquity certainly cannot be compared with that of the pen, for the latter has been used from the earliest times, and pens are frequently mentioned in Scripture. The passage we have quoted from Camden does not mention that pencils of the same form which we now have were used in the sixteenth century. The lead may have been used by artists in lumps, as found in the mine, or, perhaps—and this conjecture is far from improbable—the lead may have been cut, and placed in hollow reeds. Perhaps it may be asked—Why is cedar employed in pencil-making in preference to any other wood? Cedar is easy to cut, does not warp, and is thus well adapted to the workman as well as to the artist. It is also very light in weight; its lasting and fragrant perfume is by no means its least recommendation. The smell of the cedar is only rivalled by that of the Australian *myall*, or violet-wood, which, however, could never be used for making pencils, in consequence of its extreme hardness.

We must now ask our readers to accompany us in our visit to one of the largest pencil-mills in Keswick, situated on the river Greta, and at the foot of mighty Skiddaw.

As we approach the establishment, we find no tall chimney pouring forth volumes of smoke, like the monster mills of Manchester, as all the machinery is worked by the mountain torrent over which the works are built. On entering the building, we are at once impressed with the great economic truth that the efficiency of labour is increased by its division, when we see the number of workmen all engaged in different processes; for every pencil passes through nearly twenty hands. The large logs of cedar, which are brought from the Southern States, and also from parts of South America, first attract our attention, and we are told that more than five thousand cubic feet of

this wood are annually converted into millions of pencils. The logs are first cut into planks about five inches thick, which are afterwards cross-cut into different lengths, some of them long enough to make four pencils. All this is done by circular saws. These planks are then reduced to the proper size, and are handed over to another workman, who, by means of a delicate instrument, saws them into oblong lengths. While doing this, he regulates with his feet a smaller saw, placed in a horizontal position. This saw, making about two thousand revolutions per minute, enters the cedar, and cuts the groove which is to receive the lead. The action of the horizontal saw is completely under the control of the workman, and it can at once be stopped by the movement of his feet; this is necessary, as the lead does not always occupy the whole length of the wood. Another thin piece of cedar is then prepared to place over the groove. The slips are next handed over to another man, who, with a fine saw, cuts them to equal lengths, and removes all the faulty ends. Great care is required in this operation, so as to exclude any wood which may be knotty. This being completed, the pieces are ready to receive the wad.

Since the Cumberland lead has become so scarce, a large quantity of inferior material has been annually imported from Germany. This lead, however, has to undergo a chemical process before it is fit for use. It is first cleansed from all the sand and dirt which may have adhered to it; it is then crushed and ground down until it becomes fine. Being mixed with some chemical substance, it is next exposed to the action of heat, and is finally converted into blocks, which, when sufficiently dry, are cut into small slips to fit the grooves. The great advantage which the Borrowdale lead has over the foreign, exclusive of its purity, is, that it does not require grinding, as the scantlings, or slips, are cut out of the solid lump. The little lengths of lead are then placed in boxes, and taken to another room, where the grooves are being filled. This part of the process is most interesting, from the extraordinary activity which the workmen display in handling the lead. The operator sits at a table, with a pot full of hot glue before him, and a bundle of cedar slips, which have been previously grooved. Having arranged these slips in order, he takes a piece of lead, which is made to fit the groove, dips it into the boiling glue, and then inserts it in the cedar. This operation is continued until all the grooves are filled, care being taken that no part be left unoccupied. The pieces of cedar now filled with lead are carefully wiped, and laid by to dry; when sufficiently so, the sides where the lead lies are lightly smoothed with a small plane. All the workpeople in this department are nearly as black as colliers, and their polished hands and faces would even do justice to an industrious housemaid. The slips being now ready to be covered, are taken to another man, who has also a glue-pot before him, and a frame on which the slips are placed; he then takes a leaded slip and a plain one, glues them firmly together, and so goes on alternately until one side of the frame is filled. When a sufficient number are thus prepared, the embryo pencils are put aside to dry.

The next process in the manufacture is giving the pencils their proper shape, as they now have the appearance of rough square rods. For this purpose they are taken to another room, in which is placed a most curious machine for rounding them. To the eye, this process appears very simple.

The machine consists of two small wheels, placed at a sufficient distance from each other to receive the long cedar rods; behind the wheels are revolving gouge-cutters. The operator has nothing to do but to present the rod to the hole between the wheels; it is at once seized, propelled forward, and in an instant comes out at the other side perfectly round, although somewhat rough. When the pencils have arrived at this stage, they are handed over to the planers, who, with delicate tools made for the purpose, bring them to the required smoothness. During this process, the pencils are placed in grooves, on the workman's bench. They are next placed under rollers, to give them a polished appearance. This process is done by boys, and as each boy can polish four or five pencils at a time, many thousands pass through their hands every week.

The rods are now ready to undergo the most unpleasant part of the manufacture, which is the varnishing, and this process seems unnecessary. It may make a pencil look well, but it certainly cannot improve its contents, and this is proved by the fact that the best pencils are never coloured with varnish. When our readers wish to buy a really good pencil, let them remember the old proverb, that "good wine needs no bush." When the rods are polished, or varnished, as the case may be, they are taken to a circular saw, over which a boy presides, to be cut to the usual pencil-length. The boy places the rods on a table, and after gauging them, presents them to the action of the saw. As the ends are left somewhat rough, the pencils are handed over to another man, who, with a peculiar kind of knife, sharp as a razor, pares off any rugged or jagged ends which may have been left; while doing this, he rejects any that may be found faulty.

The pencil may now be called finished; yet there is one other process it must undergo before it is sent out on its mission, and that is the christening. The pencil is now stamped with the maker's name, and also with an initial letter, or letters, to indicate its quality. There are two kinds of stamping; some pencils, and especially those which are not varnished, have plain letters, while the coloured ones are impressed with gold or silver. The former process is carried on with extraordinary rapidity by means of a curious instrument. The machine consists of two wheels: one of them is grooved, and is revolving rapidly; on the other the name of the manufacturer is cut in raised letters: an aperture sufficiently large to receive a pencil is left between the two.

The workman stands before the instrument with a bundle of pencils in his hand, and as fast as he can supply it the pencils are taken from him, pass between the wheels, and fall into a box prepared for their reception at the other side. By this process an "old hand" is capable of stamping about one hundred and fifty pencils in a minute. When the late King of Saxony visited the celebrated pencil-works of Banks and Co., at Keswick, he worked for a considerable time at the stamping-engine, and showed great dexterity for an amateur. Stamping in gold or silver takes a great deal more time, as the work must be done by hand. The gold or silver leaf is deposited on the pencil, which is placed under a screw-press furnished with movable type; heat is then applied, and by the action of the screw the impression of the letters is left on the wood; the leaf which has not been touched by the type is next brushed off, and the pencil is completed. The

pencils are finally tied up in dozens, and launched into the world to do their duty. Pencils are made at all prices to suit purchasers, but, like most other articles, a very cheap pencil is dear at any price. The prices vary from 2s. 9d. to 72s. a gross; so, in fact, the manufacturer sells his cheap pencils for less than one farthing each.

The pencil makers are a quiet, industrious, hard-working people, and seldom go beyond the bounds of their native mountains. They commence work when they are quite little boys, and often remain in the same mill until they become old men. Many of them are well educated, and what is still better, good religious men. They are by no means destitute of poetic feeling, and their knowledge of the Lake poets would surprise many who have enjoyed greater advantages. The following pathetic incident will illustrate the affection and good feeling which exists among these people. A young lad, the son of a widow who had seen better days, had been working for some time at the mill which we have been describing; from his good conduct and amiability he was much respected by his employer and liked by his companions. A few months ago he was taken ill, fell into a decline, and the doctor soon gave up all hopes of his recovery. During his illness he received much kindness from his fellow-workboys, who were ever ready to do what they could for the poor invalid. Nothing seemed to gratify him more than a little gift which he received from them shortly before his death; it was a trivial one, but it was their own work. It consisted of two pencils; on one were stamped in letters of gold his name, and the words "Jesus is my shepherd, I shall not want;" on the other, "Cling to Jesus, John,—he'll save thee." A few days after he departed in peace.

When our readers are discussing the annual question, "Where shall we go?" let them take our advice and pay the English Lakes a visit. Let them see the glorious pass of Borrowdale; let them watch how the water comes down at Lodore; and let them be initiated into the mystery of how our pencils are made.

R. FITZGERALD SMITHWICK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "ART-JOURNAL."
A VOICE FROM THE PROVINCES.

SIR,—In the August number of your instructive Journal your readers are informed that eight years ago Mr. Ruskin advised that the unappropriated drawings of Turner might be profitably employed by sending them to the provinces. "Thus," said he, "five or six collections, each illustrative of Turner's mode of study and succession of practice, might easily be prepared for the academies of Edinburgh, Dublin, and the chief manufacturing towns of England." The provinces languish for want of practical instruction in Art, whilst the galleries of the metropolis are filled to repletion with valuable studies. And yet, after eight weary years of mental privation in Art-matters, red tape makes no sign. Surely from the vast wealth of our national collections one or more of those Art-teaching works with which these galleries are filled might be sent round periodically from town to town, especially to places where the municipalities would find a fitting home for such treasures. And the Art-students and connoisseurs of these towns might be permitted, under certain regulations, to study and copy them. However cheap and rapid travelling may be made, the country student cannot profit largely from studying our national collections,

when they are located permanently so far from their homes and business. And as the whole country has to pay the taxes necessary for the purchase and support of our national establishments, it is but equitable that some scheme should be adopted which shall place a part of our vast wealth of Art within the reach of the whole people. That this may be done safely has been already demonstrated by our spirited Fine-Art publishers. Pictures of inestimable worth have been sent again and again over the whole kingdom. What private enterprise can do so well, can surely be done by the State, if the right man be put into the right place. All who have mixed largely amongst the people in manufacturing towns, have felt keenly the want of noble works of Art to put before them as authorities. So little is great Art at present understood by them, that they are apt to prefer the lowest style of Art to that of higher quality, from their inability to judge high-class work by well defined Art-principles. And it is the constant presence of this base style (if style it may be called) that tends to blunt the feelings, and prevents men from perceiving the beauty which is ever present in work based upon higher principles, and that makes our Art-appreciation so slow and unsatisfactory. If the pictures and casts from the works of good men could be sent down to the country, the towns so favoured would soon find their Art-instruction promoted thereby. The composition of these works, the lighting, breadth, space, keeping, and manipulation, the aim of the artist, why he had succeeded, and the apparent methods by which success was gained, would all become subjects of conversation, thus creating and perfecting the judgment. To the artist especially they would furnish subjects of emulation. To towns like our own, which have not the advantage of annual or periodical exhibitions, the boon would be invaluable. I hope, then, the practicability and justice of this, or some such scheme, will be duly considered by those in high places, and assuredly our Art-knowledge would be promoted thereby. You, sir, with a life-labour, have done much to promote the study and love of Art; may I hope for the insertion, if not the approval, of this letter.

Yours, &c.,

Sheffield.

CHRISTOPHER THOMSON.

ENGRAVING & PHOTOGRAPHY.

SIR,—I have read with great interest the remarks in this month's *Art-Journal*, "Engraving & Photography." I am a clerk, one of that class who by education, habits, and associations, too often acquire tastes above their limited means. I visit Art-galleries, and examine with interest the exhibitions in printsellers' windows, only, however, to sigh that some scintillation of genius cannot be transferred to my own walls as the highest proof of my appreciation thereof. Again and again has the thought presented itself, "Would that the artist produced his picture in such dimensions that it might be more tangible by us;" for, first, in many cases the size of the picture is out of all proportion to the size of my rooms; and secondly, still more out of proportion with the contents of my purse. I have seen several of these gems of Art photographed, whether surreptitiously or not I cannot say. Some of them, however, were among the finest specimens of photography I have ever seen, so we need not wonder that the beauty, size, and price have made them a good marketable commodity. I ask not that any artist shall be deprived of his due meed of reward; I rather seek to reward him by some such plan as you suggest. I desire more profit for the artist, more pleasure for the public. The surest way to cultivate a pure taste is by the production of such works as are fitted for this purpose at such prices that many more can afford to purchase them than at present. I fear a parallelism may be instituted between the pen and the pencil, to the disadvantage of the latter. Pardon me trespassing on your time thus far, and believe me

Yours respectfully,

Bradford, Oct. 2nd.

H. E. C.

SELECTED PICTURES.

WEARY TRAVELLERS.

Rembrandt, Painter.

Mauduit, Engraver.

It is the attribute of great genius, whatever course it takes, and however wayward and eccentric that course may be, to attract to it the homage of the few, if not of the many; for inasmuch as all see not with the same eyes, and are not endowed with like understanding, a variety of opinions is the natural result. Men too often speak of what pleases them rather than of what they comprehend, applauding or condemning, not according to judgment, but to what fancy or taste dictates. Perhaps there is no class which includes within it men of genius so subjected to these whims or vagaries of appreciation as artists, and especially living artists, whose works are tried by standards often diametrically opposed to each other, and are elevated or depreciated by mere caprice and not by knowledge. It is sometimes well for the artist's fame that he has in posterity a more righteous judge than in his contemporaries, for the world frequently accords to the dead what it denied to the living.

It may be questioned whether any one of the "old masters" of painting finds so few admirers as Rembrandt. His pictures, with the exception of his portraits, are not attractive to the multitude. The magic of his *chiar-oscuro* and the glowing beauty of his colour are unintelligible to the masses of those who look at his works in our National Gallery, or elsewhere, while the vulgarity of his forms, their often inappropriate costumes, and the extravagance of his compositions, sadly mar his excellences in the eyes of those whose ideas of Art are bounded by the refinement and beauty of such painters as Raffaele, Guido, and others. Rembrandt never sought after elegance, a word of which he knew not the meaning. The son of the miller of Leyden, though no little coxcomb in his own personal appearance—at one period of his life, at least—found the models of his subject-pictures in the burly forms of his own countrymen and countrywomen.

What was the original title given to the picture engraved here as 'Weary Travellers,' we have not been able to ascertain; but it seems to us as if the subject were a version of 'The Flight into Egypt,' of which Rembrandt is known to have painted three or four. The composition bears out such a rendering; for we have Joseph and Mary, the Infant in a kind of improvised cradle, and the ass feeding in the background. A reference to any one of Rembrandt's pictures from Scripture need not surprise us that the "Virgin Mother" resembles a Dutch matron, nor that her husband, who has somewhat of the Hebrew in appearance, is armed with a sword; anachronisms in Art seem never to have entered the mind of this painter, who was too independent to pay regard to historic truths.

But there is truth of nature here; the attitudes of both man and woman are perfect; sleep comes to the weary, however they may dispose themselves, and the heavy slumber which has fallen upon the travellers is a reality. Neither is there lacking in the arrangement of the figures an amount of elegance unusual with Rembrandt; taking it as a whole, the composition is certainly one of the most pleasing that has come under our observation from his pencil.

"WRIGHT OF DERBY."

A LOAN exhibition of a most interesting character, the main feature of which was a collection of the paintings of "Wright of Derby," has very recently been held in the town that gave him birth, and from which he takes the name that universally distinguishes him. The exhibition, which consisted of about five hundred paintings by various artists, with special reference to those connected with Derbyshire by birth or residence, was instituted for the purpose of augmenting the funds for the erection of the two new churches of St. Andrew and St. James, in Derby, and was managed by a committee of gentlemen of the town, among whom were some well conversant with local Art. The pictures lent were the property of residents in Derby and its immediate neighbourhood, and, in addition to their attractions, a fine assemblage of old Derby and other china, and other articles, were lent by Mr. Jewitt, Colonel Wilmot, Mr. Bemrose, Mr. Jones, Mr. Haslem, and others.

The local artists, living and dead, whose works were exhibited on the walls were "Wright of Derby," Barber, Bassano, Billingsley, Battelle, Boot, Brassington, Brewer, Bristow, Broadhead, Chantrey (Sir Francis), Chappel, Corden, Coffee, Deacon, Eyre, Foster, Gadsby, Glover, Gresley, Grimshaw, Haslem, Hill, L. Jewitt, Keys, Lucas, Macconnell, Moore, Oakley, Pratt, Price, Rawlinson, Rayner, Miss Rayner, G. Smith, Stainsby, G. Turner, Vawser, &c., &c.

As we have said, the great feature of the exhibition was the fine assemblage of pictures by Wright, which possessed attractions sufficient for an exhibition in themselves. To this painter and his works the present notice will be confined.

Joseph Wright, generally known as "Wright of Derby," to distinguish him from another painter of the same name not unusually known as "Old Wright," was born on the 3rd of September, 1734, in the Irongate, Derby, in the house now numbered 28, and occupied as a refreshment room, and by the Churchman's Union Society. He was the third son of Mr. John Wright, an attorney of extensive practice, who was also the son of an attorney. Mr. John Wright was a man of the strictest probity and honour, and was much esteemed. He was generally known by the flattering name of "Equity Wright," and bore a high character for liberality and for soundness of judgment.

Joseph Wright was educated at the Free Grammar School in Derby, under the Rev. Mr. Almond. From a very early age he showed a great liking for mechanics, and spent whatever time he could get from home at different workshops in the town, watching the men, and imitating, as best he could, their operations. Some interesting relics of this kind, made by the boy genius, are still in existence, and much prized by their owners. When about eleven years of age a taste for drawing began to develop itself, and soon engrossed his entire attention. Mechanics were thrown aside, and the pencil and brush were his only companions. His father, fearing that drawing would never be of any practical service to the boy, but would, on the contrary, divert his attention from more profitable studies and pursuits, discouraged, and indeed forbade, him from following his inclination in this respect. The boy, however, was not to be daunted, and every moment he could snatch from his studies, or from the family, he stole up to the garret of the house, and there spent his time in drawing whatever he could get to copy. Having but little to study from, young Wright amused himself by drawing heads, and by sketching from memory the signs of the various public-houses in the town. It is recorded that he would stand studying one of these signs for a considerable time, and then run off home, and up into the garret, and make his sketch as far as he was able from memory. He would then go back and study another portion of the picture, and return in haste to commit the impression it had made on his mind to paper. This he would continue to do day by day, as opportunity served, until his picture was completed. Four signs, the "Robin Hood and

Little John," the "Buck in the Park" (the arms of the borough of Derby), the "Angel," and the "George" ("St. George and the Dragon"), as well as the "King's Head," are said to have been favourite studies with young Wright, and to have been reproduced on paper by him with remarkable skill. His mother, having wondered to see him so often going out and returning in haste to the garret, discovered what he was about, but at his earnest solicitation promised him that she would not tell his father, but allow him to go on. This kindly, and truly motherly, indulgence had its proper and happy effect, and settled the boy's tastes at once and for ever. So things went on for some time, and at length Mr. Wright, finding that it was useless longer to attempt to thwart his inclinations, and feeling convinced that his love for painting was a sound and permanent one,* most wisely determined to give him every assistance in his power. To this end he made careful inquiries in London, and at length, in 1751, placed Joseph Wright, then in his seventeenth year, with Hudson, the tutor of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mortimer, with whom he remained as a student for a couple of years. At the end of that time young Wright returned to Derby much dissatisfied with the progress he had made, and at once commenced taking portraits. Among the first of these were the portraits of his father and mother, of his two sisters, his brother, and himself. He also, at this time, painted portraits of several of his friends, and of members of many of the leading families of the town and county. Dissatisfied with himself, and with the progress he was making in his chosen art, Joseph Wright, in 1756, determined upon again studying in London, and accordingly he returned to his old master, Hudson, for want of a better instructor, and remained with him for fifteen months. At the expiration of this time he returned to Derby, and was soon overwhelmed with commissions for portraits from persons in that and the adjoining counties.

About the year 1760 Wright began painting his historical pictures, and soon showed to the world that for fire-light and analogous effects he was unrivalled. One of his principal pictures of this period was 'The Orrery,' which he exhibited in 1765 "at the Great Room in Spring Gardens, Charing Cross," with another. In the following year he exhibited this and two other pictures, which "confirmed his reputation as a painter of candle-light and fire pieces." 'The Orrery' was purchased by Earl Ferrers, and, as is well known to print-collectors, was finely engraved in mezzotint by Pether in 1768. The portraits introduced into this splendid picture, which is now the property of Mr. F. Wright, of Osmaston Manor, are said to be Wright himself; Burdett, the engraver; young Cantrell, son of the Rev. Mr. Cantrell, of Derby; Mrs. Sale; Mr. A. Winterman; Mr. G. Snowden; and Mr. Denby, the organist of All Saints' Church, who is here immortalised as "the philosopher." From this picture the painter was frequently called "Orrery Wright,"† and he is spoken of by that appellation in the following lines from "A Poetical Display of the Merits and Demerits of the Capital Paintings exhibited at Spring Gardens, 1767:"—

"Orrery Wright, shall there the test abide,
In high historic style and epic pride;
His Indian Captain makes the critics stare,
And awes their envy with his martial air.
This piece comes out and meets the eager eye,
And gives to touch, almost to sight, the lie.
The canvas stands behind, detach'd by art,
The whole is noble; and sublime each part.
His candle-lights afford no mighty treat—
The puny playthings of a hand so great."

In another poem of the same period, entitled, "The Exhibition, by an Impartial Hand," Wright and his famous "Orrery" picture are thus spoken of:—

"What bright phenomenon there strikes my eyes?
What new-raised constellations in those skies?"

* In the Derby Exhibition was a remarkably interesting drawing made by young Wright about this period. It is an Indian ink copy of a mezzotint, full-length portrait, very carefully drawn, and bearing the name written beneath it—*"Delineata a Josepho Wright, anno ætatis sue 16."* It is the property of Wright's grandson, Mr. T. C. Cade.

† In Derby he was generally known as "Limmer Wright"—a name which attaches itself to his memory even now.



WEARY TRAVELLERS.

Maudslayi sculp

Rembrandt. pinx.



With splendour strange, and rays unseen before,
Thro' dusky mediums glitter more and more;
Delightful prodigy, amazing skill;
But let me near approach—nay, nearer still;
Were ever Truth and Fallacy so joined?
Such graceful truth with such deceit combined;
Inchanting group, strong magic hides the wall!
Some more than human hand hath wrought it all
What mighty wonders by his art are done,
The glorious Orrery without a sun
Illumines all with magic mimic blaze,
And fills the wide expanse with borrow'd rays:
What striking characters are here display'd
In bright fictitious lights serene array'd,
What awful science in that face appears,
Replete with wisdom and made grey with years;
All see yon prompt impatient pupil glow,
Now mark the children at their sport below;
Betwixt the two extremes a medium find.
That sage seems satisfied with feasted mind.
And cool attention listens to the lore
Of learned lecture, and enjoys his store.
Without a rival let this 'Wright' be known,
For this amazing province is his own."

From between this time and 1770, Wright, besides 'The Orrery' and a vast number of portraits, painted 'Two Boys with a Bladder,'* and a companion picture, for the Earl of Exeter; 'The Air-Pump,'† in which nearly the same portraits are introduced as in 'The Orrery,' and which was engraved by Valentine Green; 'The Gladiator' (painted for Dr. Bates and engraved by W. Pether), in which a portrait of Wright himself is introduced in profile, in the act—along with the other two figures, which are portraits of his friend Burdett and John Wilson, of the Devonshire Almshouses, Derby—of comparing the drawing he has made with the statue he has been drawing from; 'The Drawing Academy,' painted for Lord Melbourne, and engraved by Pether and by Normand; a 'Blacksmith's Shop,' small, purchased by Mr. Parker, and another 'Blacksmith's Shop,' of larger size, by Mr. Alexander;‡ a pair of pictures—'An Old Woman Knitting, her Husband Smoking,' and 'A Girl at her Toilet,' painted for Mr. Parker; 'The Chemist discovering Phosphorus' (generally known as 'The Alchemist'), engraved by Pether; 'Miravan, a Young Nobleman of Ingria, who, having extravagantly lavished away his Fortune, breaks open the Tomb of his Ancestors, expecting to find Great Treasures,' painted for Mr. J. Milnes, and engraved by Valentine Green; 'The Iron Forge,' one of his most celebrated pictures, painted for Lord Palmerston, and engraved by Richard Earlom; 'An Iron Forge viewed from Without,' painted for the Empress of Russia; 'A Captive King,' 'Belshazzar's Feast, with the Handwriting on the Wall,' and others.

In July, 1773, Joseph Wright married, and on the 1st of November following, having long had a desire to visit Rome, set sail in the *Jupiter* for Italy. On this journey he was accompanied by his young wife and by his friend Mr. Hurlestone, a young and promising artist; who, soon after his return to England, was killed by lightning while crossing Salisbury Plain. The party embarked at Star Cross, in Devonshire, as will be seen from the following portion of a letter to his sister "Nancy," in my own possession. The letter is written on the back of a charming sketch, by Wright, of Nice, taken on the 9th of December, 1773. It runs thus:—"Nice, Italy, December 6th, 1773. MY DEAR NANCY,—I wrote you from Exeter, where we stay'd two or three days, then went to Star Cross, a little village on the Devonshire coast, from whence we embarked early on Monday morning, November 1st. The wind was favourable to us but a few hours, the weather then came on squally and tempestuous, and we fell sick." At Nice, Wright remained some little time, and made many interesting sketches, one of the most pleasing of which is that to which I have just referred.

In Italy Mr. Wright remained about two years, and during that time studied, "especially, the inimitable productions of Michael Angelo in the Capella Festina of the Vatican, of many parts of which he made faithful drawings upon

a larger scale than has generally been attempted, as he considered the subjects but ill adapted for pocket-book sketches. Those treasures of Art have hitherto remained, in a great degree, lost to the world, having scarcely been seen except by Mr. Wright's particular friends, to whom he showed them when his imagination was warmed with a description of their divine originals."* Through excess of application to his studies in Rome, Wright undermined his health, and produced in his system the germ of nervous disorders, from which, in after life, he suffered very severely.

While in Rome, Wright's first child, a daughter, was born, and was, in honour of the great city which gave her birth, christened *Romana*, in addition to Hannah, the name of her mother. Of this child, who on the 23rd of April, 1795, became Mrs. Cade, two truly charming pictures—one half-length as a little child with a dog fondling her in front, and the other, a full-length seated figure, as a woman, and both the property of her son, Mr. J. C. Cade—were shown at the Derby Exhibition, and attracted considerable attention.

During his stay in Rome Wright painted his grand picture, 'The Captive,'† from Sterne; and in connection with this picture the following extract from the *Universal Magazine* for June, 1795, will be read with interest and amusement:—

"When this celebrated painter (Wright of Derby) was at Rome, he painted that very fine figure, 'The Captive,' from Sterne, and consigned the picture to a friend in London, who having advice of its being lauded, and deposited in the Custom House, presented a petition to the Board, stating that it was a portrait painted by an English artist, and praying it might be delivered duty free. In answer to this he received an order to attend on a given day, and was brought before their honours. The picture was produced, and the first question asked was, 'Of whom is it the portrait?' The gentleman replied with truth, it was the portrait of a Roman (for it was copied from a Roman beggar), and the Board seemed inclined to let it pass; but an old gentleman who had long been a commissioner, made a shrewd objection, and remarked that this was such a portrait as he had never before seen in his life, and taken in a manner that he did not believe either Roman, Greek, Turk, Jew, or infidel, would ever consent to 'sit.' 'If,' he added, 'Any gentleman at this honourable Board chose to have his picture drawn, would not he put on a clean shirt, and have his wig fresh powdered, and be clean shaved; answer me that? To be sure he would. Now, it is here pretended, that this fellow sat for his portrait, who had hardly a rag to cover his nakedness; gentlemen, if he could have afforded to have paid for painting his picture, he could have afforded to buy himself a pair of breeches!' He added by moving that the duty might be paid; and the duty was paid accordingly."

During his stay in Italy Wright visited most of the places of interest, and was fortunate enough to witness a grand eruption of Mount Vesuvius. Of this he made many sketches, and afterwards painted several magnificent pictures, which were remarkable for their gorgeous effect, and for their truthfulness to nature. "Remember me," says Wright in one of his letters, "with respect to all my friends. When you see Whitehurst‡ tell him I wished for his company when on Mount Vesuvius. His thoughts would have centered in the bowels of the mountain, mine skimmed over the surface only. There was a very considerable eruption at the time, of which I am going to make a picture. 'Tis the most wonderful sight in nature." This picture he painted in Rome, and intended it for the Empress of Russia. "I have stayed a month longer," he writes from Rome, "than I intended, to have an answer from Mr. Baxter, the Russian Consul, concerning the picture I have painted of Mount Vesuvius in a great eruption. 'Tis the grandest effect I ever painted. If the Empress is to have it, it must be shipped from Leghorn to St. Petersburg, and I must wait here to see it off."

LEWELLYNN JEWITT.

(To be continued.)

* These drawings thus spoken of in the *Monthly Magazine* for October, 1797, are now in the possession of Mr. W. Bemrose, junior, who married a grand-daughter of Wright, and who communicated a memoir of that painter to the *Reliquary* quarterly journal.

† 'The Captive,' was painted several times by Wright. One of these was engraved for Mr. Milnes of Huddersfield, its owner (by J. R. Smith), who destroyed the plate after twenty impressions only had been taken from it.

‡ John Whitehurst, F.R.S., of Derby, author of "A Theory of the Earth," and one of the most eminent scientific men of his day, whose portrait, painted by Wright, (and engraved) was shown in the Derby Exhibition by Mr. W. Bemrose, junior.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE clearance of the late PORTRAIT EXHIBITION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON will shortly be so far effected as to admit of the marine model rooms being again thrown open to visitors. It is at present understood that the arrangements for the second gathering will be similar to those of the last, as far as concerns the reception of the pictures and the opening of the collection; but the convenience of the public will be consulted by such a disposition as shall concentrate the collection, rather than distribute it so as to necessitate the ascent and descent of flights of stairs and visits to distant galleries. The catalogue of next year will commence in some degree retrospectively, as several excellent portraits, of dates within the prescribed term, were sent too late for exhibition. The next series of reigns is not yet determined, nor can it be settled until something is known of the number of pictures proposed to be contributed—but it will perhaps include the reign of George III.

THE SCHOOLS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY opened for the winter season on Monday the 1st ult., when in the "Life," the model was set to a much larger number of students than has assembled for long past.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS has decided to admit water-colour painters into its category of members, and is adding an additional room to the gallery to meet the increased demand for space and for water-colour pictures. If the British Institution is closed against exhibitors, the Suffolk Street Gallery may reasonably expect to be benefited thereby.

MULREADY'S MONUMENT.—A correspondent asks us for information respecting the progress of this work, and we can give him none. He says, a portion of the sum subscribed was to defray the expense of the monument, and the work was entrusted to Mr. H. Cole, of the South Kensington Museum, to be executed by some of the students there in terra-cotta and other materials; but he can get no tidings of what has been done, or is doing, in the matter. The late Mr. Godfrey Sykes left, we believe, a design for the monument, and that is all we have heard of it.

GIBSON'S STATUE of 'The Young Dancing Girl Reposing,' to which reference was made in our April number when writing of the sculptor and his works, is in the possession of Professor W. C. Oppenheim, of Prussian Frankfort, into whose hands it passed direct from the family for whom it was executed, Count Schonberg. The statue, which the professor desires to dispose of, is life-size, and sculptured in the purest Carrara marble.

GIOVANNI PISANO'S PULPIT.—The cast of the pulpit from the cathedral at Pisa was, on its erection at South Kensington, described in our columns; but we revert to the subject in order to communicate a few particulars of its history not generally known. As it now stands, it looks a finished reproduction of a perfect composition; but as a pulpit the work no longer exists. After a fire which occurred in the cathedral in 1596, it was removed, and from that time was only heard of traditionally, until it was unearthed a few years since by Mr. Franchi, the ingenious electrotypist and cast-maker to the Museum. Thus Giovanni Pisano's great work disappeared; and although a description of it supplied a passage of local Art-history, the authorities of the cathedral very gravely shook their heads whenever the pulpit in

* This picture Wright several times reproduced, with variations, and always with remarkable success. It was engraved by Burdett.

† Now at South Kensington.

‡ This subject, like many others, was frequently painted with variations by Wright for his numerous patrons. One of these, now belonging to Mr. A. Buchanan, was lent to the Derby Exhibition, and has been engraved.

its piecemeal state was asked for by travellers. It had been removed, distributed, and forgotten; more than two centuries and a half had elapsed since its dislocation. By the authority with which he was provided, Mr. Franchi gained access to portions of the pulpit; other parts of it were found in the Campo Santo and the church of San Michele Sotto Borgo. The panels, and perhaps all the principal figures, were found, and it is all but a miracle that so much was recovered after centuries of neglect. But very little of the arched frieze above the supporting columns came to light; the whole was, therefore, supplied from a remnant which afforded the key to the design. Looking at the pulpit as it now stands, the perfection of the casting is a matter of surprise, for the principal figures in the panels are round, and the others generally *alti reliefi*. The subjects could not have been brought out by the ordinary method of casting, in consequence of the depth of the undercutting; but by means of a gelatine mould on the panels, and by working out his cast by supplementary processes of his own, Mr. Franchi has produced a restoration which is literally unique, for the pulpit in entirety no longer exists, nor is there extant any other cast or copy of it, Giovanni Pisano was born about 1240, and died in 1320. The pulpit was a work of his old age, having been executed 1302-11.

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.—It is stated (our authority being the *Journal of the Society of Arts*), in reference to pictures and statues,—"According to the original regulation, works were to be sent in for examination by the jury in the month of October; by the terms of the regulation just issued no work will have to be deposited before the month of January. In the first place, artists are invited to send to the jury, during the first half of December, a written declaration, containing a description of the works they propose to exhibit, with their dimensions; the jury will examine these declarations, and admit works of known merit, and which they deem suitable for such an exhibition, without having the works themselves before them, which will only be required to be sent in between the 15th and 25th of February; those which are not admitted without previous examination will have to be deposited at the Palais de l'Industrie between the 5th and 20th of January, so that by the new regulations the time during which the works will be out of the possession of their owners is diminished by three months in one case and four months in the other."

PHOTOGRAPHS OF NATIONAL PORTRAITS.—The *Journal of the Society of Arts* informs us that,—"Photographs were taken of no less than one thousand portraits in the recent exhibition at South Kensington. This number is within thirty of the entire collection. The owners of some few portraits objected to photographs being made, and there were besides some pictures which, from blackness or other causes, could not be photographed at all. The works, however, thus excluded, did not exceed three per cent. on the entire gallery."

A SALE of paintings and drawings, the property of Mr. W. Unwin, of Sheffield, recently took place in that town, and attracted much interest. It included works by J. F. Herring, Jutsum, Boddington, W. H. Knight, A. Solomon, J. Collinson, A. B. Clay, G. C. Stanfield, T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., E. Nicol, A.R.A., Bright, J. Linnell, D. Cox, S. Palmer, Rowbotham, J. Nash, W. Hunt, Copley Fielding, Mole,

W. Müller, Rayner, Cattermole, D. Roberts, R.A., Bennett, and others. The most important "lots" were:—'The Harvest Field,' H. Jutsum, 82 gs.; 'Cattle, Canterbury Meadows,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 270 gs.; 'Perch Fishing,' E. Nicol, A.R.A., 180 gs.; 'Hay Harvest,' H. Jutsum, 100 gs.; 'The Harvest Field,' J. Linnell, 465 gs. (Agnew); 'Tintern Abbey,' Bright, painted for its late owner, 80 gs.; 'The Ferry Boat,' E. Nicol, A.R.A., 250 gs. (Miller); 'The Sheep Fold—Evening,' J. Linnell, 1,300 gs. (Miller, for Mr. G. Wostenholm); 'The Tower, Cordova,' and 'Moorish Gateway, Grenada,' a pair of water-colour drawings by D. Roberts, R.A., 70 gs. each.

MR. MARSHALL WOOD directs our attention to a statement which appeared in the August number of the *Journal* respecting the statue of the Queen for the city of Montreal. The letter of our Canadian correspondent informed us that, at a meeting of the Committee of the Fine-Art Association of Montreal, the Lord Bishop of the diocese, president of the association, said he "had received a letter from Mr. Wood, stating that, in consequence of his having, since he was in Montreal, risen considerably in his profession, his charge would have to be augmented." Mr. Wood writes to us:—"This is so far from the fact as to be directly the reverse;" and his disclaimer is corroborated by the printed report of the meeting in question as given in a local paper, in which the bishop states that "though Mr. Wood might be entitled from his present position to demand a larger amount than he had formerly asked, he was still prepared to fulfil his engagement at the terms on which he first undertook it." Our correspondent evidently misunderstood the bishop's remark, and it is only right that the sculptor should be exonerated from what might seem to be a charge of "sharp practice."

MESSERS. NELSON AND SONS have just published a series of twelve Illuminated Scriptural Texts, excellent in design and tastefully coloured; something more, in fact, than mere ornamental printing. The texts are brief, consisting only of one line of judicious selection.

THE RIOTS IN HYDE PARK.—For the small sum of three pence, visitors who go to the Oxford Street Pantheon may witness this scene without terror of broken heads. An artist, Mr. Nathan Hughes, has painted it, and exhibits what he calls a "great picture," full of incidents, neither very agreeable to look at, nor very gratifying to remember. It would be better to tear the page from history. It is certainly not a fitting subject for Art.

THE STATUE OF CŒUR DE LION.—It may not be forgotten that the bas-reliefs necessary to the completion of the pedestal of this work were not fixed at the time of its erection. One, however, is now in its place; the subject is the story of the pardon of Bertram de Gourdon by Richard on his death-bed. The first impression received from this bronze is that of regret that the artist (Baron Marochetti) should have felt himself bound, in compliance with the form of the pedestal, to have expanded lengthwise his composition instead of having concentrated it. We have thus, in consequence of the frieze-like form of the bronze, some of the figures so disposed that it requires argument and calculation to connect them with the leading incident. The relative situations of the king and the aggroupment of the prisoner and his guards are not unlike those in Cross's famous picture; but this is, of course, one of those accidents of

continual occurrence in different versions of the same subject. The king lies upon a couch supported by cushions, and with his right hand raised addresses de Gourdon, while the latter is being unbound by command of Richard. For the sake of better forms, the artist has taken some liberties with the military equipments of the time. The shields are too long; the head-pieces are of a pattern long posterior to the time of Richard; there is the two-handed sword of the time of Henry VIII.; and instead of the *gisarme* of the twelfth or thirteenth century, the partizan of a much later date.

DR. PART.—The newspapers have been full of matter—an inquiry concerning the death of Richard Golding, the eminent engraver, whose body, after being nine months in the grave, was exhumed to ascertain the cause of death—in consequence of an "insinuation" (it could have been nothing more) that he had been foully dealt with by his physician. We notice the matter only to add our testimony to that which is universal: there were not the slightest grounds for suspicion. The order for disinterment on the part of the coroner was not in any way justified; he had listened to the "murmurs" and "whispers" of interested and disappointed parties without the semblance of proof, and caused, very needlessly, and for no good purpose, a large amount of trouble and grief. Dr. Part is the Honorary Physician to the Artists' Benevolent Fund; he has gratuitously attended artists for more than a quarter of a century, and is loved as well as respected by hundreds of his grateful patients. It is on that account we allude to the case here. Whatever amount of vexation and trouble the "inquiry" may have caused him, he is fully aware that he has not suffered an iota in the estimation of his friends, nor is his character in the remotest degree injured in public opinion.

PHOTOGRAPHY, BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. Sarony, to whose admirable works in photography we have heretofore directed public attention, has quitted Birmingham and returned to Canada, leaving his business and all its "belongings" to his successor, Mr. R. W. Thrupp. He has already supplied evidence of great ability in the art of which he is a distinguished professor, but has directed our attention to certain improvements in the mode by which photographs are enlarged, and of which he claims the merit—it seems to us with justice, judging from a specimen submitted to us for inspection. He does not attempt colour, but works up the photographs with sepia, neutral tint, and Chinese white—by which a very effective portrait is produced.

STATUE OF SIR HENRY MARSH, M.D.—This work by Mr. Foley, R.A., just erected in the Hall of King and Queen's College, Dublin, is a valuable addition to the portrait-sculpture of our school. As in all the productions of this sculptor, the highest knowledge of form and perception of character are here visible. Not only is the bodily semblance of this distinguished physician rendered with powerful individuality, but in the expressive action of the face and figure we read the mind and manner of the man. Sir Henry Marsh, formerly President of the College now enriched by his statue, was an accomplished, and most skilful physician, slight in stature, of keen, penetrative aspect, and demonstrative in conversation; characteristics the statue happily unites in the force of individual resemblance and impress of shrewd intelligence peculiar to the original. The figure is standing, wearing the president's robe, which by a well-arranged

disposition of fold is made the means of enriching the unpicturesqueness of modern costume. The left hand, hanging easily by the side, holds a college cap, while the right is raised as though in the act of momentarily emphasising some point of interest on which he is conversing. The whole work is masterly and lifelike, and possesses that rare quality of portraiture, whether on canvas or in marble—the aspect of responsive intelligence with the perception and sympathies of the spectator. As a pendant to this figure, Mr. Foley is now engaged on a statue of Sir Dominic Corrigan, M.D.

THE HOLMESDALE FINE ARTS CLUB, under the presidency of W. Wilson Saunders, Esq., held its annual sketching excursion on Saturday, September 29th. Chilworth, the very centre of the most beautiful Surrey scenery, was the place of rendezvous, when after a few hours' work in the "open," a large party of members and friends, including ladies, were entertained by the club at luncheon in the village hostelry. Among the company were several members of the two water-colour societies, and many other artists of metropolitan repute.

THE DRAMATIC COLLEGE ART-UNION ALBUM, containing a collection of drawings and sketches, among which are examples of the work of very eminent artists, will be disposed of when the subscription list is full. It is proposed that the drawing and presentation shall take place at Willis's Rooms, before which ceremonies it will be handsomely bound. As there are sixty drawings, it will be understood that the contributors are numerous; and therefore every department of Art is represented as well as can be effected by drawings and sketches. Among the first of the series is a scene from *Coriolanus*, costumed as it was played in 1750, with flowing wig and the absurd stage paraphernalia of that time: it is by E. M. Ward, R.A. By W. P. Frith, R.A., is a pen sketch, perhaps an early conception of his subject, 'Pope and Lady Montague.' Creswick, R.A., contributes two small sepia sketches, one a street in Conway, the other, 'Llanberis Lake,' by moonlight. By Duncan there are also two; one is coloured, being a view of Torbay—small, but of much sweetness and elegant finish; the other 'A Man Overboard,' a pen sketch, showing the ship *Candia* under sail, and a boat about to pick up the drowning seaman. Two pencil sketches by E. W. Cooke, R.A., present respectively a marine subject, and a portion of architecture from the quaint old city of Nuremberg. In a small pencil drawing by the late J. D. Harding are conspicuous that refinement and mastery of the point which made his pencil and chalk drawings more artistically valuable than his pictures. Charles Landseer, R.A., has given a sketch of a milkwoman, and Cope, R.A., a child and a dog. A. Penley, a lake view, small, but carefully coloured; Herdman, an effective study of a head on rough paper; Calderon, A.R.A., two figures on grey paper; Sidney Cooper, A.R.A., a pencilling of sheep in a landscape; F. W. Burton, a head in pencil; Skinner Prout, a piece of lake scenery; T. M. Richardson, a view in Argyleshire; John Parry, 'A Collection of Nobodies;' Bennett, groups of trees; H. O'Neil, A.R.A., a head, chalk and tinted. Other subjects are by Marks, H. B. Willis, J. Fitzgerald, J. Holland, A. Johnstone, C. Cattermole, &c., the whole constituting such a collection as could not be obtained save at considerable expense.

REVIEWS.

THE BOOK OF GEMS OF BRITISH POETS AND BRITISH ARTISTS. Edited by S. C. HALL, F.S.A. 3 Vols. Published by BELL AND DALDY, London.

Nearly thirty years have elapsed since this work was first issued; it has gone through many, so called, new editions; that is to say, it has been reprinted perhaps a score of times since it passed from the hands of its original publishers, until the plates were "worn to rags." This edition, however, is really a new one, for the plates have been carefully retouched, some of them sufficiently, some insufficiently; but on the whole they are reasonably good impressions, not to be compared, indeed, with the early copies, that will always be rare, and of corresponding value. Messrs. Bell and Daldy have "brought out" the work in a style of considerable elegance, and it cannot, we think, fail to take high rank among coming Christmas favourites. The volumes contain examples of 150 British poets, illustrated by 120 British artists. The first two volumes comprise the poets from Chaucer to Beattie; the third volume is of the modern poets—those, that is to say, who were "modern" a quarter of a century ago—for nearly all of them have since left earth, bequeathing to mankind the rich fruitage of their lives—

"Leaving us heirs of amplest heritages
Of all the great thoughts of the greatest sages,
And giving voice unto the silent dead."

So with the artists who contributed to make this really beautiful and valuable book; four out of five of them have since "died." Of the 120 there are only about 20 who are still working on earth.

The editor has added to the third volume some of the poets who have become famous in the present generation, and has re-written the memoirs of those whose deaths as well as births he can now chronicle. It is evident that his heart is with the "giants" who were on the earth in his own young days.

We repeat, the work, in its present form, is very attractive; it cannot fail to continue a public favourite; it has been so for upwards of a quarter of a century, and it is not too much to say it has never been rivalled as a collection of beautiful examples of poetry and Art. The editor has his reward in having lived to witness its popularity.

ENGLISH CHURCH FURNITURE, ORNAMENTS, AND DECORATIONS AT THE PERIOD OF THE REFORMATION. As Exhibited in a List of the Goods destroyed in certain Lincolnshire Churches, A.D. 1566. Edited by EDWARD PEACOCK, F.S.A. Published by J. C. HOTTEN, London.

Ten years ago the publication of such a book as this would have excited little or no attention, but the attempts which have been made within this period, and which are still making, to assimilate the ceremonies of modern Church worship to those that were formerly in use, may, irrespective of any interest it has for the archaeologist, attract to it considerable notice.

The events which took place during the sixteenth century, first in Germany and afterwards in England and Scotland, more or less revolutionised the social fabric of a great part of Europe as their final results. The downfall of the monastic system under Henry VIII. swept away not only the fabrics in which it found a home, but the wealth and every possession these ecclesiastical communities enjoyed. It followed, almost as a matter of course, that the property of the Church became alienated from her to a great extent, and especially that all and everything connected with the performances of a ritualism rejected by the state and a large majority of the people should participate in the general destruction. The churches were despoiled of many a rich adornment, and the splendid vestments of a luxurious priesthood were transferred, oftentimes, to the persons of a rude and ignorant laity. Every lover of Art must deplore the iconoclasm and other spoliation of things beautiful in themselves which

prevailed during the reigns of Henry and Elizabeth more especially, however much he may rejoice in the good effected by the Reformation. The fears, and the superstition, and the genuine piety of our forefathers, had covered the land with edifices—some of architectural grandeur, others simple and unpretentious—and had enriched them with abundant treasures, many of which were intimately connected with the devotion and social life of the people, and endeared to them by the holiest associations. To ridicule the earnest and deep respect felt for these attributes of a Divine worship even by thousands who had given their adhesion to the new state of things, is to deride the faith in which they were reared. "It requires an effort," writes Mr. Peacock in his introductory remarks, "to place ourselves, in imagination even, in the same position of affectionate reverence for mere articles of furniture—silk and gold, brass and stone—as our forefathers; but let us remember that the vestments thus wantonly cut up into hosen and cushions, or made into costumes for strolling players, were the solemnly blessed garments in which they had seen their priest celebrate the great sacrifice of the Catholic Church; that the altar slabs used as fire-backs and bridges had been dedicated by episcopal unction and the relics of the saints, and had received the far higher consecration of being the appointed place wherein that same sacrifice was consummated; that the rood was to them the visible representation of their God—of Him who had died for them on Calvary, and who, with hands, feet, and side pierced, as they saw Him there, would, as they believed, come ere long in glory and terror to judge the universe. The bells that profane persons hung to the harness of their horses had been borne before the priest through many a crowd of kneeling villagers when the Blessed Sacrament was carried from its resting-place over the altar to the bedside of the sick and dying."

Macaulay fully comprehended the existence of such a state of feeling on the part of a large body of the community. Speaking of the Reformation and its effects, he says:—"The struggle between the old and new theology in our country was long, and the event sometimes seemed doubtful. There were two extreme parties prepared to act with violence or to suffer with stubborn resolution. Between them lay, during a considerable time, a middle party, which blended, very illogically, but by no means unnaturally, lessons learned in the nursery with the sermons of the modern Evangelists; and, while clinging with fondness to the old observances, yet detested abuses with which those observances were closely connected."

The power of the adherents of the Roman Catholic Church was broken before Elizabeth ascended the throne, but this steadfast friend of the Reformation inflicted the blow which laid the old religion utterly prostrate as the creed of the nation. It was in the early part of her reign, and just about three centuries ago, that what has been termed "the last act in the drama of the great social revolution which severed the Anglican Church from visible unity with the rest of the family of Christian nations" took place; and it is with a view of throwing some light on these events that Mr. Peacock has published the series of documents existing in a mutilated manuscript preserved among the miscellaneous papers in the Episcopal Registry at Lincoln. "It has now," he says, "no other title than the inscription, *INVENTARIUM MONUMENTORUM SUPERSTITIONIS*, on the outside of its parchment cover. The volume consists of returns made in the eighth year of Elizabeth to certain royal commissioners, by the churchwardens of one hundred and fifty parishes in the county of Lincoln, of such articles of church furniture as had been used in the previous reign, but were in 1566 considered by the authorities to be superstitious or unnecessary." A curious catalogue is certainly supplied in these returns, and scarcely any other is needed to show how thoroughly the work of spoliation and appropriation was accomplished. But all must not be laid at the door of the Reformers, for there are numerous entries proving the abstraction from the churches of rich garments, plate, and other valuables during Queen Mary's

reign; taken, in all probability, by the Romanists themselves, and, perhaps, to preserve them from falling into heretical hands.

The appendix to Mr. Peacock's book is by no means the least interesting part of it, for it contains the earliest lists of English church furniture that have come down to us, printed from the Cotton MSS. These are followed by the Churchwarden's Account of St. Mary's, Stamford, A.D. 1428, also printed from the Cotton MSS., and supposed to be the oldest now known. It is singular as showing how popular sports were under the patronage of the Church in the Middle Ages. Another chapter sets forth the schedules of goods presented by Sir Thomas Cumberworth, a Lincolnshire knight, to his parish church, at Sowerby, in 1440. This is taken from the Dodsworth MSS., and proves the great wealth and the religious feeling of the gentry of the period. Then we have an inventory of the goods of the Guild of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Boston, taken in 1534, the original of which still exists among the records of the borough of Boston. These peculiar guilds, which were all dispersed in the sixteenth century, often united the constant religious services of a monastic brotherhood with many of the advantages of a trade corporation and a benefit club. There is much more of an interesting character in the appendix to which we cannot allude specifically.

The editor's notes direct attention, among other matters, to most of the principal families and persons referred to in the text: he has thus made his book, in some degree, a kind of county history, but to the general public—at least, that portion of the public whom the subject may attract—its chief value will be found in the strange revelations afforded by the "Monuments of Superstition" transcribed in the Lincoln manuscript.

TEXTS FROM THE HOLY BIBLE EXPLAINED BY THE HELP OF THE ANCIENT MONUMENTS. With a few Plans and Views. By SAMUEL SHARPE, Author of the "History of Egypt." Containing One Hundred and Sixty Drawings on Wood, chiefly by JOSEPH BONOMI. Published by DAY AND SON (Limited), London.

Almost every dictionary of the Bible which has come under our notice abounds with illustrations explanatory of scenes, objects, customs, &c., referred to in the sacred volume. Mr. Sharpe's book, therefore, can only be of use to those who possess no other expositor, because it contains but little, if anything, that is not to be found elsewhere. Yet there is some difference between him and previous writers, inasmuch as he comments upon, and explains, the cuts he introduces to illustrate the texts selected, while others have, generally, been content to let the cuts simply elucidate the text. Mr. Sharpe, however, illustrates some passages of Scripture which we do not remember to have seen pictorially treated before; and he does this with great ingenuity, and truthfully, as they seem. For example, the verse from Isaiah, "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy that it cannot hear," is illustrated by an engraving from an Egyptian sculpture, in which the sun, the deity of the Egyptians, is represented with a hand at the termination of each ray of light, thus, as explained by Mr. Sharpe, "telling us that his power is felt wherever his light shines." The drawings are all made from ancient records of various kinds, sculptures, manuscripts, &c., chiefly Egyptian.

The author is well known in the literary world as a Hebrew and biblical scholar, and also as a student of Egyptian history and antiquities; he is, therefore, competent to deal with the subject of his book, and he has handled it in a manner at once instructive and interesting, though the grammatical correctness of his sentences is occasionally open to question: e.g., "At each corner sits an ape, *who* here, as on other occasions, are considered inhabitants of the region of the dead" (page 193). The words we have printed in italics should assuredly be "which" and "is," the singular number following the disjunctive "each," while the relative

"who" applies only to human beings. The title-page, moreover, as will be observed, reads somewhat obscurely.

THIRTY-SEVEN SKETCHES AND DESIGNS IN CRAYON. By RICHARD WILSON, R.A. Intended as a Teacher's Assistant, and for the Improvement of Youthful Artists. Published by WILLIAM TEGG, London.

The imprint of the title-page of this quarto volume shows the date 1863, yet it has only reached us somewhat recently. Whether, therefore, this be a re-publication or otherwise we have no means of determining, nor is it of much consequence. The series of sketches are nothing more than "ideas"—some of them, probably, scraps taken from nature—executed roughly with chalk; clever in their way, as might be expected from the hand of a great English artist, one of the founders of our school of landscape painters, but almost useless for the purposes implied. In Wilson's day, nearly a century ago, they might have proved useful, but with our advanced knowledge of Art, and with the multitude of "Guides to Art" which the last twenty or thirty years have produced, it would be difficult to find a teacher willing to put such drawings as these into the hands of a pupil, more especially as there is not a word of comment or explanation to accompany them. We who have lived in the days of Harding, and Prout, and Barnard, and half a score other skilled masters of the pencil and able instructors, can scarcely expect to go back to the semi-classic style of Wilson, as here developed. His admirers may be gratified in looking over these pages, but their interest can scarcely extend further.

A CONCISE GLOSSARY OF TERMS USED IN GRECIAN, ROMAN, ITALIAN, AND GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE. By JOHN HENRY PARKER, F.S.A. A New Edition, revised. Published by J. PARKER & Co., Oxford and London.

For nearly a quarter of a century, we believe, Mr. Parker's valuable Glossary has been the text-book of the student of architecture. Its usefulness is proved by the popularity it has enjoyed during so many years. An abridgment of the original work was published some time after the appearance of the latter, but this has long been out of print. The demand for a new edition has afforded to the author an opportunity of thoroughly revising the book, which he has done by enlarging some articles and curtailing others that would bear such a process without injury. The woodcuts appear to have been re-engraved; if not, they wonderfully retain their sharpness and clearness. No lover or student of architecture should be without this "manual." To travellers, both here and on the Continent, it would prove most useful in aiding them to determine the style and character of the edifices, either ancient or modern, they may visit; and its portable size recommends it for such a purpose.

THE SUNDAY READER. Published by HALL & Co., Paternoster Row.

Opinions do, and always will, differ as to the class of books or of serial publications most suitable for Sunday reading. This new periodical, of which two or three monthly parts are before us, comes out under the superintendence of Dr. Miller, late of Birmingham, but now Vicar of Greenwich, a clergyman belonging to the extreme Low Church party, and who is well-known by his zealous and efficient labours in his sacred calling. In the selection of subjects for his "Reader" he certainly exhibits no sectarian or narrow-minded spirit,—some people, perhaps, may be induced to think there is more to simply amuse than to instruct: but he evidently desires to avoid dulness on the day of rest, by attracting the mind to things which will elevate the thoughts and draw them onwards to what is "lovely and of good report"; and thus there is a judicious blending of that which tends to make wise in matters concerning this world and the next. The magazine is profusely illustrated by Messrs. Nicholls, and is published, weekly, at the low rate of twopence.

SCRIPTURE PRINTS FROM THE FRESCOES OF RAPHAEL IN THE VATICAN. Edited by LOUIS GRUNER. Published by HOULSTON AND WRIGHT, London; J. PARKER & Co., London.

Turning over the leaves of this large volume for the first time, it at once occurred that some of the prints were not altogether unknown to us, though, to the best of our recollection, we had only seen them by chance. The Rev. Charles H. H. Wright, who has written for it an introductory preface, says,—"The work now offered in a complete form to the public has been issued from the press at various intervals, in Numbers, containing six plates each. It was undertaken at first by James R. Hope Scott, Esq., D.C.L., Q.C., but the plates were from the beginning prepared under the superintendence of Professor Gruner. Mr. Hope Scott, however, did not carry the work further than the five first numbers, and it was then taken up, and is now brought to a conclusion, by Mr. Gruner alone. The object for which the work was undertaken is 'to promote a feeling for the higher principles of Art in their application to the service of Religion.' The stories of Holy Writ are often remembered longer, and produce a greater effect, when they are not only related to the ear, but submitted to the eye; and this has been so universally felt that many works have been published with a view of meeting this requirement."

The decorations of the Loggia di Raffaello need neither description nor eulogy from us. Of the whole number, forty have been selected for reproduction here; namely, thirty-six subjects from the Old Testament, and four from the New; the object of the selection appearing to be the choice of the most interesting, instructive, and familiar subjects. They are drawn by Signor Consoni of Rome, in lithography, with great boldness of hand, but not always with accuracy of drawing. There are many figures we could point out which want almost every quality of this essential of good Art. Several of these Loggia subjects were executed, it is well known, by Raffaele's pupils from his designs, and, though inferior to those from the hand of the great master himself, a thoroughly competent copyist would never have committed the errors apparent in some of these drawings. However available the series may prove as an aid to the acquisition of scriptural knowledge, and though they may in some measure "raise the taste of children," there are but few among them to which we can direct the student of drawing as examples for imitation. This is much to be regretted, for the work might have been made to serve the double purpose for which it was originally intended, as set forth in Mr. Wright's prefatory remarks.

The prints are in outline, with just enough of shadow introduced to give effect to the grouping, which is increased by the high lights being "put in" with white, the ground of the paper being richly tinted.

A SMALLER DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE. For the Use of Schools and Young Persons. By W. SMITH, LL.D., Classical Examiner in the University of London. Published by J. MURRAY, London.

To meet the necessities of those who do not require, or have not the means of purchasing, Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," or his "Concise Dictionary," he has compiled from these more voluminous works one which appears to be sufficiently comprehensive for the classes whom it seeks to benefit. It contains such an account of Biblical antiquities, geography, biography, and natural history as a young student of Scripture needs; nothing, in fact, seems to be omitted which would be important to any but a scholar or a divine. Illustrations and maps add to the utility of the well-digested text. The book is printed in double columns, and in a small but clear type, so that a large mass of information is comprised within the limits of its six hundred and more pages: these constitute a ready "handbook" of reference.

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